THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1925

The Lowly Latins

BY

ONE OF THEM

Our Cousin, the Ape

Sailing Around the World

BY

AN IRISH MAGELLAN

In the Spanish Idiom

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

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THIS WEEK

'KEEP away from Australia' promises to become the revised version of the Italian National Anthem, if the naughty Nordics have anything to say about it. Having discriminated against black and yellow immigrants, the White Australians are now gunning for the olive-skinned Latin, whose morals, as every 99 44/100% American knows to his cost, are a crying shame. *Filippo Sacchi*, though he is able to read and write for the *Living Age*, is himself one of those hopelessly degenerate Mediterraneans, and is in a position to outline some of the weaknesses of his race. Not only are they much better farmers than the Anglo-Saxons, but they are also much more sober, and do not even steal other people's property. More than four thousand of them went to overpopulated Australia last year, and are doing very well for themselves. It is high time that such inferior stock be kept out.

❦ ❦ ❦

While we are engaged in peering down the ladder of progress, we might as well let our eyes wander even a rung or two below the Italians' perch and contemplate the anthropoid apes. It was a shame that Mr. Bryan died too soon to be assured, by *Heck*, that the monkey is not our ancestor at all, but simply our fourth cousin, several times removed. When one stops to consider how little use most of us have for our human relations, it is not surprising that the Fundamentalists should feel as they do about their arboreal connections and refuse even to ask them to Thanksgiving dinner.

❦ ❦ ❦

The Peasant Sanatorium described by *A. Kiselev* — whether the *A* is an initial or simply the indefinite article, we cannot say — used to be a Summer Palace of the Tsar's. In the rooms where helpless royalty once had its corsets laced and its suspenders adjusted respectful Proletarios with nervous breakdowns now discuss Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness (a new magazine to us) without so much as spitting on the floor.

❦ ❦ ❦

Listening to music in Spain is not so very different from the *Living Age* lunch hour at King Wah Low's, for the automatic piano has succeeded the guitar as the national instrument. *J. B. Trend* went to Spain with the words 'Spanish Idiom' ringing in his ears. When he returned he had heard almost every other sound you can think of, but not those five syllables.

❦ ❦ ❦

Two seasoned seafarers, *Conor O'Brien* and *Captain Friedrich Schlosser*, spin what we hope are not yarns for us this week. Mr. O'Brien circled the earth in a thirty-seven-foot sailboat, in which he navigated waves twenty feet high and seas of infinite dimensions, either avoiding wind or looking for it. Captain Schlosser was in command of an Austrian submarine. He says that Edison's under-water microphone did more harm to his business than the radio has done to the phonograph.

❦ ❦ ❦

Kamasu and *Erich Dombrowski* are a couple of other globe-trotters. The former must have been on the West Coast of Africa in the heart of the *White Cargo* country to be able to write as he does about the natives. These unfortunate creatures have somehow absorbed from the British the idea that money is a very splendid possession, and to prevent belief in this pathetic fallacy their white benefactors have to keep taking it away from them at untold trouble and expense. Mr. Dombrowski has been to 'Constan,' and sheds a romantic tear or two over the decline of Mohammedanism. The city, however, is holding its head up and is still as picturesque as Los Angeles.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *AUGUST 29, 1925* — NO. 4234

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE GREAT COMMONER IN EUROPEAN EYES

MR. BRYAN was an interesting figure to Europeans, and particularly to Englishmen — a popular figure because he afforded them the very human satisfaction of patronizing America. Many of those who wrote obituary accounts of him had met him personally, and some knew him almost on terms of intimacy. Indeed one can gather quite a sheaf of first-hand estimates of his personality and character — and incidentally of our own people — from their accounts alone.

The English, to whom popular oratory apparently remains an inscrutable mystery, dwelt chiefly upon the late Commoner's art of mastering his audiences. At the same time they were careful to point out that his power of doing this depended on the primitive response of the naïve and untutored mind of the American masses. The Tory *Morning Post*, not without a touch of political malice, characterized him as 'The Gladstone of America.'

He was the Gladstone of America without Gladstone's background of culture and education, but with a power of eloquence that even his fiercest enemies had to acknowledge. They called him a demagogue and a charlatan. No doubt his arguments would not stand the test of critical analysis, but they were the truth to the unlettered, and what he preached they revered. . . . No man in our time in any country had such a great personal following; no man was so despised and looked upon with such utter contempt; but while his enemies despised him they were compelled grudgingly to concede that he was a man of the highest integrity; while they accused him of narrowness, intolerance, and crass ignorance, they were forced to admit that he was an honest man according to his lights and obeyed his conscience, which was as rigid and unbending as that of a Puritan.

But neither eloquence nor excellence of intention was able to carry Mr. Bryan to his goal.

The silver speech of Mr. Bryan could be no match for the golden silence of such a man as Mr. Coolidge; and it is characteristic of the American psychology that sensibility to the charm of Bryan oratory was combined with a critical dissatisfaction which never failed to say, 'Thus far and no farther.'

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The *Times*, like several other British papers, goes to Mr. Page's letters for the text of its characterization. It distinguishes Mr. Bryan, however, as a Western type, the secret of whose power over vast audiences is difficult to analyze.

That power was almost magical. It was due, in part, to his singularly impressive personality and to his magnificent voice. But it was the impression of sincerity and of deep earnestness which he conveyed to his hearers that kindled them and swayed them at his will. There was little knowledge and little reasoning in his most famous and most effective addresses. They were rather sermons than speeches; they were turgid and full of metaphors not more proper than that which made his political fortune; but they were directed with a skill which was instinctive to the minds and to the feelings of excited crowds. Few speakers knew so infallibly what was just the right note to strike at the right moment.

The Conservative *Daily Telegraph* discovers in Mr. Bryan's successes and failures reflexes of American national character.

Sentimentalism was the explanation of such success as Mr. Bryan achieved as a politician with a great-hearted, emotional, and in many respects ill-informed, public opinion, always liable to be carried away by a gusty emotionalism. Sentimentalism is also the sufficient explanation why he never reached the supreme goal of his long endeavors, for in America, as in Great Britain, there is a great saving reserve of commonsense.

Sydney Brooks, writing in the *Evening Standard*, finds the secret of Mr. Bryan's power in his warm human sympathies.

Over the masses of his countrymen Mr. Bryan exercised the fascination of an intensely simple man, of unblemished character, whose piety was the driving power of his whole life. He was so absolutely one of themselves. He had a positively bubbling affection for his fellow men. He could never have too many of them around him. The promiscuous, sociable life of the American railway train just suited him.

The Nation and the Athenæum expresses the same thought in another way, by picturing the great Commoner as the embodiment of the only America the masses of his fellow countrymen knew.

He was one of themselves; he had made the correct progress from the farm to the Capitol: he remained to the end a denizen of their world. He was religious in their sense — a puritan and prohibitionist, an important church-member, a heaven-sent leader of the crusade against the poison doctrines that, coming from Europe, were being spread over the God-fearing American continent with the aid of teachers and professors who had been mistrained in metropolitan seats of learning. Moreover, Bryan, who had seen the world for himself, was entirely convinced that the America of the pioneer settlers was the noblest product of civilization. There could be nothing on the earth to rival it, and his enraptured audiences were never tired of hearing him proclaim this truth.

Like the *Times*, the Conservative *Saturday Review* classes Bryan as distinctively a Westerner, not to be confused with the more sophisticated American of the East.

Men of his type are rare in England, though America has produced more than one such. One may, perhaps, find the keynote to his personality in an almost incredible simplicity. He was a man of strong convictions passionately held, and he was fundamentally incapable of perceiving that there could be more than one side to any question. For him the human race was divided into two opposing camps — the Powers of Darkness and the Powers of Light. In the former dwelt the supporters of the gold standard and the believers in evolution. Bimetallism and the Bible were his two gospels, and they afforded him, it seems, sufficient light to live by. He was not of those who question. His life, indeed, was a long series of vehement affirmations.

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Hence his success as an orator and his failure as a statesman. His appeal was not to the sophisticated America of the Eastern Coast. There are, after all, many Americas, and the Southern States are unintelligible communities to the man who is thinking in terms of New York. But such places as Tennessee, in which the spirit of the pioneers still abides, provided Bryan with his appropriate audience and his special inspiration. Literalism in religion, simple hardihood in life, and the ethics of the log cabin he understood, admired, and fervently expounded. How, then, are we to describe Bryan? *Vox, et præterea nihil?* It would indeed seem so. His contributions to constructive statesmanship were so negligible as to be almost nonexistent. He was almost certainly the greatest orator of his age. But the rewards of the orator are immediate, and if his works do follow him, they follow him to the grave. This at least may be said of Bryan — that he opposed to the forces of a sordid materialism a lofty and unwavering idealism, that he battled passionately for what he believed to be the good, and that he scorned and hated all that he knew to be mean and base. And, despite his limitations, he is secure of his meed of immortality. Great is the power of the phrase —

> We perish with the gods, and all
> Things else, except the Word.

One of the least friendly estimates is that of the London *Outlook*, which unsparingly stresses the defeats and failures of Mr. Bryan's career.

He was so typically the product of Mid-Western America that his personality has always rather puzzled Europeans. How could a man with the outlook and mental equipment shown during the Evolution Trial exercise such great political power in America? Simply because he himself was a synthesis of large masses of the American population of which we in Europe never hear. He was part crank, part humbug, yet with a large element of sincerity in his make-up. Fundamentally he was more a lay preacher than a politician. It was his pride to be able to sway audiences. That they were people of no particular importance did not matter to him. Summer after summer he went on tour to lecture on Chautauqua platforms, sandwiched in between college glee-club singers and acrobats. It is difficult to conceive even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in such a rôle. Every one of the causes he battled for — from his first love, bimetallism, to his last, Fundamentalism — has gone or is going into the dustbin. He must have had a sort of eloquence, otherwise he could not have held his audiences of millions, but in reading his speeches one finds little but grandiloquence and turgid metaphor. Mr. Bryan's weakness lay in the fact that he was incapable of grasping any but the most obvious ideas. He could think nothing through. He had no political philosophy, knew nothing of history or science, but he had a sure instinct for appealing to the powers of organized ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, plus a rather keen business instinct.

Practically the only comment from the Continent that attempts to give more than biographical data and political chronology was in the German press. Nor does that differ substantially from British appraisals. *Frankfurter Zeitung* said: —

Bryan was and remained primarily an orator, an orator of the resounding-pathos type that does not appeal to us soberer Germans, but that is suggestive, intoxicating, irresistible, to an American auditory. It was often said that there was little substance behind Bryan's eloquence; and this criticism was justified. His educational equipment was unusually modest even for an American. He had only the most elementary notions of foreign countries, their past, their character, and their institutions. He was hardly more informed regarding matters usually better understood by American public men, such as the constitutional development, the controlling economic forces, and the other fundamental problems of his own country. He remarked once to the present writer: 'Statesmanship is not a matter of detail; it is only a matter of justice and rectitude.' But the first part of the statement is not quite true, and the instinctive common-sense of the majority of American people kept them from entrusting the conduct of their affairs to the man whose

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eloquence exercised such a wonderful sway over them. Yet it would be wrong to say that there was nothing behind that eloquence. Bryan's profound emotionalism was something more than art and affectation. It was forged in the fire of powerful moral conviction, and if it had not been inspired by something more than vanity and ambition, if it had not sprung from a sincere devotion for the welfare of his fellow men, his influence would have been but transitory.

The writer of his obituary in *Berliner Tageblatt* says: —

He personally stands out in my memory as a man of tremendous energy constantly directed toward mistaken goals, constantly defeated by the logic of the political and economic and intellectual evolution, against which all the ardor of his inflexible convictions beat in vain. The oratorical triumphs that he continued to win up to his very death testify to the power of his personality. . . . Yet a gift for passionate eloquence that sweeps off their feet men who do not think for themselves is no substitute for the cold logic of fact. Bryan's last victory at Dayton merely paved the way for the defeat of the cause he championed.

Returning to the English press, a correspondent in the *New Statesman* introduces a more illuminating and understanding appreciation of the great Commoner than was given us by most of our own writers with these classic lines by Vachel Lindsay: —

I brag and chant of Bryan, Bryan, Bryan,
Candidate for President who sketched a silver Zion,
The one American Poet who could sing outdoors.
He brought in tides of wonder, of unprecedented splendor,
Wild roses from the plains that made hearts tender. . . .
There were truths eternal in the gab and tittle-tattle;
There were real heads broken in the fustian and the rattle.
There were real lines drawn:
Not the silver and the gold,
But Nebraska's eye went eastward against the dour and old,
The mean and cold. . . .

This writer characterizes Bryan as 'a thoroughly representative popular man,' and then proceeds to define the secret of such popularity thus: —

Between Bryan and the average of the people for whom he spoke there was no difference — except the difference of special gifts or personality. He never had to explain himself to the crowd. His knowledge was on their level; his mental process, if one may call it such, was the same as theirs. Bagehot, in a well-known passage, said that the successful parliamentarian must be a 'man of first-rate abilities and second-rate ideas.' Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, in similar vein, has lately been saying that the politician who succeeds best is the man 'able to devote extraordinary abilities to the propagation of commonplace views.' That is near enough to the fact of W. J. Bryan. His mental equipment was the very smallest I have known among prominent contemporary public men. But he was truly extraordinary in respect of physique and character and power of speech.

Continuing, the author says: 'Oratory such as Bryan's is no longer to be heard in the English-speaking world. He had amazing gifts of utterance, but behind them were no reserves of knowledge, of understanding, that he could draw upon.' Abroad he was a remarkably naïve and engaging personality. This writer adds: —

I can see him clearly now as, in the company of his wife and daughter, — very simple small-town folk, — he appeared among the brightly dressed company on an Indian lawn. 'In a coat like a deacon, in a black Stetson hat,' says Vachel Lindsay. He wore, indeed, a panama, with the black frock-coat and ribbon-bow of the last-century deacon and of the Senator from the prairies; unchanging in manner (it was a fine and most genial manner), and, as you could see, never for a moment to be impressed by the nonsense of these old countries in the greater matters of the law — although, let it be said, Bryan was a delightful guest in an Indian household.

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J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*, relates a conversation with Mr. Bryan during the British tariff-reform campaign in 1905, when he was on a visit to England and had been traveling around attending all the great meetings and listening to the speeches of the leaders.

I asked him what he thought of our public speaking, and expressed the fear that he had probably found our oratory rather dull and lifeless when compared with the vivid public speaking of America. To my surprise, he would have nothing of this, but declared that the level of political speaking was distinctly higher here than in America. I then asked him who he thought was the best of the speakers he had heard. He again surprised me by replying, 'Without question, the Duke of Devonshire.' 'I can quite understand your saying that as regards the matter, because he is wise and moderate and all his points are good points, but surely he is not an orator.' 'On the contrary, he is, in my opinion, one of the most impressive of speakers. Nothing could be better than his grave and distinguished style.'

We conclude with a reminiscent paragraph from T. P. O'Connor's readable review of Bryan's life in the *Daily Telegraph*, which seems worth preserving among the memorabilia of a man who, notwithstanding his inadequacies and failures, will remain a great historical figure in the annals of the nation.

After his first defeat he happened to be passing through London, and, thinking it only due to so distinguished a citizen of America that he should get a banquet, I succeeded in bringing together quite a respectable company at the National Liberal Club. Bryan, of course, had to make a speech. It was, frankly, a terrible disappointment, full of commonplaces eked out with Scriptural quotation, not above the level, we all agreed, of a fifth-rate Nonconformist clergyman in a tenth-rate English town. A second time, and after an interval of several years, I again got up a little reception; and then I saw the other side of him. I happened, in presenting the address to him, to make an allusion to his wife. That was the point on which he concentrated himself when he made his reply. In a few sentences he drew a picture of conjugal love and companionship that had something of the melody of Romeo and of Juliet, and that was delivered with a sweetness of voice that sounded like the notes of a great prima donna or tenor. And then I criticized my own criticism, and began to think that I had underrated this very remarkable master of the magic and the melody of words.

*

YUGOSLAVIA'S RADICAL-RADIĆ RECONCILIATION

Bold would have been the prophet who ventured to predict at the time of the general elections in Yugoslavia last February that the embittered leaders of the opposing Parties would be reconciled before the closing of the year. Yet this apparently has happened. Pašič, the aged Premier, who assured himself of power by imprisoning Stefan Radič, the Croat peasant leader, and annulling most of the mandates of the latter's Party, has compromised with his political enemies. Radič, the Republican and Secessionist, — having probably renounced his alleged alliance with Moscow, — proceeded directly from prison to Bled Palace, where he had a personal interview with the King. Following this a new Coalition Cabinet was formed embracing members of the Party in power and of the late Opposition. Radič's chief opponent in Croatia, the Radical leader Pribečevič, has been thrown over by Pasič and has seceded to the new Opposition with his little group of deputies. But the union of the Nationalist Centralizing Radical Party and the Autonomist Croatian Peasant Party gives the new Cabinet an overwhelming superiority in Parliament. This apparently means the cessation, for a time at least, of the

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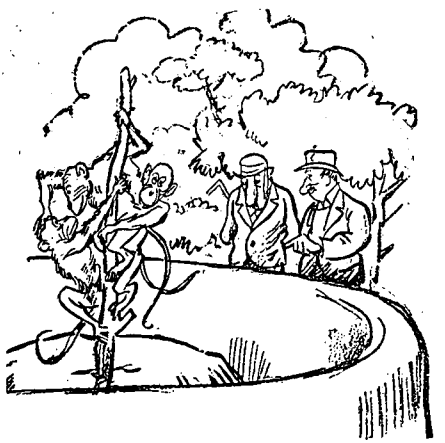
Republican movement and the Separatist agitation against Belgrade; though doubtless in return for substantial concessions to the Autonomists. The significant thing for the rest of the world is that the prospect for stable Government in Yugoslavia has improved and more cordial coöperation between the new territories annexed since the war and the old Serbian kingdom is promised.

*

MINOR NOTES

Our Government's insistence upon the right to exercise a certain degree of supervision in foreign countries, over both immigrants from those countries to the United States and merchandise shipped to our shores, continues to provoke debate — plus some resentment — in Europe. A contributor to *Journal de Genève* distinguishes between American inspection of prospective immigrants in Switzerland and inspection of manufactures destined for export to our country. The former is permissible. It is a practice recognized by all countries that have passport regulations. But merchandise inspection is a different matter. 'Responsible opinion in Switzerland does not criticize the principle of such inspection, but will not permit it to be done by foreigners or even by Swiss citizens in the service of a foreign government. The simplest solution would be to entrust the whole operation to our Chambers of Commerce, which are responsible and reliable bodies.'

APROPOS OF THE DAYTON TRIAL



'See them fighting to get on top and keep the others down.'

'Yet they say we 're not all the same breed.'

— *La Tribuna* (Rome)

Memorial medal to commemorate the Dayton trial.

— *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna)

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QUEENSLAND'S OLIVE PERIL[1]

BY FILIPPO SACCHI

QUEENSLAND'S interminable debate over the immigration question centres at present around the 'Italian invasion.' Is that a mere journalistic metaphor? Not at all. At a recent convention of the Australian Natives' Association, one of the most powerful political organizations in the country, with fifty thousand members representing all classes and professions, the President in his opening address laid special emphasis upon the following questions: —

'What is behind this sudden rise in the immigrant flood? Are there perhaps hidden influences at work? Are we face to face with an organized effort at peaceful penetration? Australians, be on your guard! Beware lest your indifference mean a terrible awakening for your sons! We must not let the social and economic standards of Australia be lowered by an influx of foreigners unable to understand our traditions, to love our flag, to live in the way that British subjects have learned to live.'

This congress adopted a resolution opposing the admission to Australia of races 'not allied to and easily assimilated by our own.' That 'easily assimilated' was aimed at the Italian.

Is this overheated nationalism? By no means. At a Socialist Trade Union Congress at Brisbane a speaker, in presenting an immigration resolution approved by the executive, declared: 'There exists in Italy a combination of capitalists, financiers, and great industrialists formed to assist and transport Italian laborers to Australia. One of the conditions under which these men are recruited is that the industries in which Italian labor is employed shall be financed by Italian capital, and that the children of these immigrants shall retain their Italian nationality. It is a scheme to get control of the colonial sugar industry through immigrant labor.'

Poor Italian capitalists, how shrewd they must be! But this is not all. The delegates were told that a whole fleet of steamships was ready to bring Italian cheap labor to Australia. And the eagle eye that had discovered this tremendous conspiracy was that of an Australian who had just come from Italy. Yet we talk of the liberalizing effects of travel!

But why all this furor against the Italians? It is part of the White-Australia policy. We are not white; we are olive. A great Melbourne daily prints alarmist articles about the 'olive-skinned influx.' At another convention, this time of ladies, a prominent feminist leader exhorted her hearers not to buy fruit from Italians even at lower prices, and lamented that White Australia had now added to the yellow peril an olive peril. Australian women are also cautioned against marrying Italians.

But we do not enjoy the honor of monopolizing these dangerous qualities. As an olive race we are only a subsection of a great polenta of peoples grouped together under the general designation 'Italians and other South Europeans.' This group is described in detail as 'immigrants from Greece,

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily), *July* 10, 14

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Italy, and Yugoslavia,' or 'Maltese, Albanians, and Italians,' or even more comprehensively as 'Italians, Greeks, Albanians, Yugoslavs, and others.' These South Europeans are assumed to occupy, in respect to civic traditions, education, and standard of living, a much lower level than Anglo-Saxon and Nordic peoples. A great journal exclaims in alarm: 'Are we to people our territories with Nordics or with Latins?'

This theory of the superiority of the Nordics over the Southrons went so far that the Catholic Archbishop felt called upon to remind a great Catholic congress in Australia that these unfortunate South Europeans were, after all, the creators of Rome, the Papacy, the Renaissance, and several other trifles. But your average Australian knows nothing about that. This is the only relieving feature in the situation. Their idea of Italy is of a sort to make you despair of the future of humanity. A few months ago the commander of a steamer about to leave from Fremantle for Italy with a cargo of frozen meat called at our consulate there to ask if Venice, Trieste, and Naples had harbors large enough to admit his ship!

An acquaintance of mine at Sydney casually remarked that Italy had not come out of the war so badly after all. She had got the Trentino, Trieste, and Sicily. When I happened to show one of our magazines to a little party of Australians they were agreeably surprised to discover that we used the same alphabet that they did. A few days ago one of our immigrants here came to me in great indignation to tell how a fellow laborer had asked him if there were railways in his native land.

So most Australians honestly imagine that Italy is another overpopulated China. Yet how many Italians do you suppose landed in Australia during the year 1924? Altogether, 4286! When I tell the people that 93,000 of my fellow countrymen migrated to Argentina and 183,000 to France in a single year, they open their eyes.

Of course, there are many intelligent Australians who do not share these opinions and deplore the campaign of prejudice that is raging against us. But neither they nor their Federal authorities, who are doing their best to enlighten the people, can accomplish anything. Indeed, foreign immigration presents an exceedingly complex problem in a country like Australia. No one can question the right and the wisdom of some regulation, but the interest of the Australians themselves bids them get rid of their absurd misconceptions and prejudices.

A certain Reverend Whittle, speaking before a meeting of the New Settlers' League, another large organization with some eight hundred branches, encouraged and supported by the Federal Government, declared that the South Europeans were morally inferior to the Australians, and that some districts in North Queensland were becoming hotbeds of corruption on account of Italian immigrants. I do not know where Reverend Whittle got his information, but I have talked with English clergymen, bankers, lawyers, and business men in that part of Queensland, and all of them have spoken highly of the honesty, the thrift, and the industry of the Italians. There are many places in North Queensland, some of them districts where hundreds of our laborers are idle, — for there is unemployment at times even here, — where not a single case of theft by an Italian has been reported. I know a place, in which the Italians form at least a third of the population, where the police have registered within three months six hundred cases of drunkenness among the English and only twenty-two cases among the Italians.

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One is astounded to discover the influence that the immigration-restriction law in the United States has had out here. People disposed to be fair-minded naturally conclude that if the Americans, after more than half a century's experience with Italian immigrants, have decided to limit them to a quota, there must be good reason for this action. You hear everywhere and see everywhere in print: 'Look at what America has done.' The intelligence tests made by the United States Government upon recruits during the war are often quoted. All these things are accepted uncritically at face value here.

One great complaint in Queensland is that the Italians are getting possession of the plantations and driving out the native planters. The Queensland Minister of Agriculture said to me: 'Five years ago scarcely twenty per cent of the plantations were owned by Italians. Now in certain districts they own sixty per cent of them. They will soon control the sugar market. And as these Italian planters prefer to employ their own countrymen, you can see the difficulty this situation presents.'

Nothing opened my eyes like the first time I visited one of these plantation districts. I was traveling on a freight train because there would be no passenger train along the line for two or three days, and found myself in company with an Englishman employed on the road. We passed through Ingham early in the morning. The Englishman told me that he once owned a little sugar plantation there.

'Here at Ingham?'

'Yes, here at Ingham. I came out here from London fourteen years ago to work on the railroad. As soon as I saved a little money I decided to buy a farm. But I did not keep it long. Farm life does n't suit me. An Italian came along and paid me £600 more than the place cost me, and I sold it. It was then worth £3100. Will you believe me, that chap sold it about a year ago for £9000? That 's what they 're all doing. I know one of them who bought land for £10,000 and developed it, and now he has subdivided it and sold it for £36,000. And they buy — my word, they buy! Look out there. Some time ago there were six English farmers on that tract. Now there 's only one. All the rest are Italians. And on the other side of the line they are all Italians. The land over there lay uncultivated. No one thought it was worth clearing. See that beautiful cane? There was never any there before. But it 's not the life for me. I still own forty-two acres at Mackay that I bought at a bargain, but I shall sell it as soon as I get my price.'

I do not mean to imply that there are no excellent English farmers. But as a rule the Australians and British immigrants do not like farming, while our Italians do. The English do not have our peasant traditions. They are the people who made the industrial revolution. Give them a loom or any other machine and they will work miracles with it. Put them behind a plough and they will half starve. They have not the persistence and the patience of our people. For that reason they generally fail, as all men do in a business they do not like. I was taken to see English farms at Cairns where they had already finished cultivating in December. My guide was an Italian who keeps working his ground up to April and hates a weed as he would hate a thief stealing his cane. And I saw the result of the two systems. At Victoria an English farm and an Italian farm were lying side by side with only a narrow field-road between them. Those two farms looked something like the 'before and after taking' pictures we see advertising patent medicines.

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One thing is sure. The Italians have already left their mark on the development of this country. The sugar business of Queensland is one of the most extraordinary instances of racial acclimation on record. The cane country is in the low alluvial land lying along the coast from Mackay to Cairns, approximately from the seventeenth to the twenty-first degree of latitude. It is in the tropics and has a tropical climate, with high temperatures, excessive humidity, and seasons of torrential rains alternating with intense heat. Some places in North Queensland have about the same climate as Calcutta.

When the first lands were cleared here nearly one hundred years ago no one thought of employing white labor, especially for heavy tasks. Only 'coolies' — that is, black natives and Kanakas from the Pacific islands — were used. The latter were imported en masse by labor-recruiters. But eventually public opinion revolted against this. The Australian settlers, scattered sparsely over a vast continent, saw themselves threatened with a black population outnumbering themselves. So after a long agitation all colored labor was excluded twenty-five years ago. That was a terrible blow to Queensland. The sugar industry was supposed to be ruined. Chambers of Commerce, planters' associations, and other bodies protested against the law. Numerous investigations were made, all ending with unanimous reports that white men could not cultivate cane.

In 1905, four years after the importation of black labor ceased, Queensland had 134,000 acres under cane. Two years later the area had fallen to 127,000 acres. Then Italian immigrants began to come in — at the rate of less than a thousand per annum in 1910, rising to about two thousand per annum immediately before the war. At the same time the cane area began to increase, and in 1923 it reached 220,000 acres. Now this augmentation is almost exclusively due to the labor of Italians. There are no more Kanakas. White men clear the forests, plough the land, plant the cane, cut the cane. In 1901 Queensland with its black labor produced 90,000 tons of sugar. To-day with white labor she produces 400,000 tons.

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ARE MEN AND MONKEYS RELATED?[1]

BY PROFESSOR LUDWIG HECK

[THE author is a distinguished zoölogist, and Director of the Berlin Zoölogical Garden.]

IF you ask a man of average education what an anthropoid or manlike ape is, he will probably, if he is a ready answerer, mention the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, and the gorilla. If you press him with further questions, you generally discover that he has but the vaguest notions of the appearance, the habitat, and the characteristics of these animals. Only a man who makes a hobby of the subject will be likely to tell you anything definite about the three classes of anthropoid apes — the red orang-outang of the East Indies, whose home is the large islands of Sumatra and Borneo, and two black African types, the chimpanzee and the gorilla. Many people have seen the red orang-outangs and the black chimpanzees in zoölogical gardens. Gorillas are rarely found in captivity, though they arouse more popular interest than either of the others, because their powerful muscular development has given them an exaggerated reputation for ferocity and strength.

But the adjective 'anthropoid,' or 'manlike,' applied to apes is significant. It indicates that animals exist bearing sufficient resemblance to human beings to have this qualification applied to them. Just now, moreover, they are in the limelight on account of the renewed discussion of Darwin's theories. People ask, What does all this talk amount to? What is an anthropoid, or manlike, ape really like, anyway? How is he different from a man? And what is his relationship, if any, to man, either physical or mental?

First of all, let us make plain one general fact recognized by all natural scientists. Every plant and every animal now living on the globe can be descended only from ancestors and ancestral types whose petrified remains are found in older strata of the earth's crust than the one that is being formed to-day. In this genealogical sense the anthropoid apes, who are our contemporaries, are no older than ourselves. Consequently we cannot be descended from them. The visitor at a zoölogical garden who wisely points out an orang-outang or chimpanzee as an 'ancestor,' a 'great-grandfather,' or the like, instead of displaying enlightenment and scientific broadmindedness, merely advertises his ignorance.

How then are we to explain the descent of physical man? Let me emphasize, physical man is a mammal. That is a primary and universally recognized scientific fact that no one disputes. Intellectual man, man as primarily distinguished from other members of the animal kingdom by the contents of his brainpan, presents a different problem. Physical man may easily have descended from a common forefather with the anthropoid apes, branching off from the larger family tree at some remote period. This is a plausible hypothesis, although it has not been irrefutably demonstrated. So far as the bones of so-called missing links dis-

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), weekly edition, *July* 18

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covered up to the present in older geological strata are concerned, their evidence is too scanty to be conclusive. We have only a part of the top of the skull and of a thigh-bone of the so-called Java ape-man. All the other bones supposed to throw light upon this subject, of which a great number have been dug up in different parts of the world, are either human bones, no matter how rudimentary and primitive the creature from which they came, or ape bones — that is, bones of animals in the popular sense.

Now what is the distinction between the two? I shall try to make this plain by comparing the skeleton of a man with the skeleton of the animal that most resembles man — the anthropoid ape.

Beginning with the head, a man's skull presents a relatively high forehead and large brainpan, and a relatively small and undeveloped face and jaw. An animal's skull, on the other hand, invariably has a small brainpan and large facial bones. This is true even of the anthropoid apes, at least when they are fully grown. But the case is different in young animals, and that fact has great scientific significance. How? No one would for a moment confuse the skull of a grown man with the skull of a grown anthropoid ape, for he would instantly notice the great difference in the size of their respective brainpans and jaws. But the skull of a child and of a young anthropoid ape are so similar that a person not a specialist in such matters might well confuse the two. Immediately after birth the human child and the young ape begin to develop in opposite directions. The brainpan of the child's skull grows rapidly at the expense of the facial bones, while in case of the anthropoid ape precisely the reverse occurs.

This is a determining feature in the relations of men and manlike apes. I can illustrate it by an example doubtless familiar to many of my readers. No one has any difficulty in distinguishing an ordinary barnyard hen from a pheasant or a partridge, such as we see hanging up in the game market. But if you were to mix up a brood of newly hatched chickens and newly hatched pheasants or partridges, when they are nothing but little bundles of down, it would take an expert to separate them. Why? Both belong to the same order of birds. They are all fowls, tame or wild. When they are mature they are very different; when they are just hatched they are very similar. Now that is one of the signs of relationship, but it does not indicate that one is descended from the other. If we are to speak of the anthropoids as our relatives, we must not call them ancestors, but cousins.

Now let us compare the limb measurements of men and anthropoid apes. We shall find the arms, legs, hands, and feet of both presenting quite as marked similarities, and at the same time as marked differences, as their skulls.

First of all, let us get rid of the popular error that apes have four hands simply because they can grasp things with their feet. An ape's foot is actually just as honest and true a foot as that of a human being. It has a heel, and that is what makes the difference between a hand and a foot. In its normal position the hand continues the arm in a straight line, but the foot, by virtue of having a heel, always makes an angle to the leg. But an ape can oppose his great toe — or more accurately his thumb-toe, for it is not the largest or the longest — to the other toes and so seize hold of things with his foot. For instance, he can clasp the trunk of a tree the same way that we do with our hands. This is the reason for the popular misconception that an ape has four hands. We must bear in mind that all apes are climbing animals;

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they live largely in trees. It is natural, therefore, that although they do not have four hands they should have developed feet capable of grasping things.

But what influence has this arboreal life had upon the ape's hand? It too has been modified and accommodated to tree-climbing functions by the partial atrophy of the thumb and its separation from the other fingers. All mammals show a tendency toward diminishing the number of fingers and toes. In the horse and the zebra, for example, this has gone to the limit. They have only one toe — the hoof. The same tendency has begun in the anthropoid apes with the partial atrophy of the thumb, which has been compensated for by the lengthening and strengthening of the fingers to make them better for climbing. With these long, strong, pliable fingers the anthropoid ape swings from a branch, hangs a moment in the air, and then seizes another branch with his grasping foot. Some classes of apes — for example, the African colobi — have practically no thumbs, and the sacred monkeys of India have none whatever. Accordingly the anthropoid apes have passed beyond that stage of hand-evolution where all five fingers are equally developed. An ape's hand, with its gradually vanishing and widely separated thumb, can never return to the human hand. To the biologist that is positive proof that man is not directly descended from the ape, for such evolutionary tendencies never reverse themselves.

What conclusions may we draw, then, from this consideration of the head and the hand as determining differences between man and the manlike ape, and therefore between men and animals in general? In man the brainpan, with its content the brain, preponderates over the face and jaws, while the retention of all the five original fingers as equally efficient organs preserves the unlimited and manifold utility of the hand. In case of the manlike apes the facial bones and the jaws preponderate over the brainpan and the brain, and the universal utility of the hand is lessened by the partial atrophy of the thumb.

But the significance of all this is not fully evident until we relate it with the further fact that man walks erect and the manlike ape only half-erect. The latter is able to assume a partially erect position because he has very long arms and very short legs and in walking supports himself upon his knuckles. He has, so to speak, only half-attained an upright posture. Only human beings — and this is one of their distinctive qualities as human beings — walk on two feet. They thereby obtain the full use of the head and hands for the finer and higher functions which make the difference between men and animals. The hands and arms are entirely relieved of the duties of locomotion, which are taken over wholly by the legs and feet. This first step in the division of labor among the organs permits the hand in turn to relieve the mouth of all the work of providing food and of defense, whereupon the latter confines itself to the functions of masticating food and serving the brain in articulate speech. Thus the jaw-bones and their supporting facial bones, relieved of many of the duties they perform in an ordinary animal, are reduced in size, rendering possible the compensatory development of the brainpan and the brain.

That is what lifts man immeasurably above all other animals, including the anthropoid apes. The male gorilla, which is the largest animal of his class and exceeds man in weight, has a brain only as large as that of a newborn child. The brain of an adult

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man or woman weighs three times as much as the largest ape's brain ever dissected.

What light does modern microscopy, which had widened so remarkably our knowledge of brain anatomy, throw upon this subject? It shows that the number of elementary nerve-organs of the brain, or so-called 'centres,' which have been proved to have a direct relation with the functioning of that organ, are six times as numerous in case of a man as in case of an anthropoid ape. The principal organ in the brain, the so-called speech centre, upon which intelligible language depends, with all the mental functions associated with it, does not exist at all in the anthropoid ape; it is an exclusive possession of human beings. That alone erects a definite and insurmountable barrier between man and other groups of animals. The fact that some birds can be taught to talk has no bearing on this subject. Rationally connected speech, which should be distinguished from purely emotional noises expressing fright or other solely nervous and physical reactions, is the exclusive gift of man. Those who find faith in an immortal human soul indispensable for their peace of mind need only make the seat of that soul and its organ of expression the speech centre of the brain in order to have an inexpugnable fortress for their creed.

These physiological facts place in proper perspective whatever we know and hear about the 'human intelligence' of animals. But they do not affect the fact that the manlike apes come closer in intellectual capacity to the human kind than any other animals.

A laboratory was established some years ago in the Canary Islands expressly to study the psychology of the anthropoid apes. It conducted a scientific and unbiased series of experiments, in the nature of intelligence tests, upon these animals. One of the present professors of psychology at Berlin University, Wolfgang Köhler, spent several years in this research with a number of champanzees and orang-outangs. These experiments showed that the anthropoid apes have a dawning consciousness of the use and even of the preparation of tools, and that they possess a certain amount of rudimentary intelligence in the strict sense of the word — that is, a certain insight into logical relations.

Furthermore, it was proved beyond question that the mental capacities of different individual apes varied widely. Among those at the laboratory was one who was clearly — measured by ape standards — a moron. The servants gave him a Portuguese nickname meaning as much. On the other hand, a male chimpanzee named Sultan gave proof of a high degree of intelligence, notwithstanding the fact that he was suffering from a disease of the bones very common in West Africa.

Significant differences in character were also shown to exist among the apes kept at the laboratory. In general, they exhibited what would be called in case of men social virtues. They never quarreled over their food. When one had had enough he gladly made way for another, and in case of actual or imagined danger all sprang unhesitatingly to the common defense. Whenever they did wrong they felt the need for forgiveness and reconciliation, and their gratitude for any special kindness shown them was really touching. Yet in my opinion we must be on our guard lest we attach too high a moral significance to these facts. My own experience leads me to believe that one of the principal differences between a man and an animal, even the most manlike animal, is that the former has far more free will. His acts are not so automatically determined by purely emotional states.

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It means more, consequently, when a man observes the moral law then it does when an animal, who reacts instinctively to the law of the horde, does so. Nevertheless, the so-called moral standards of the manlike apes are very much higher than those of the lower orders of monkeys, who, although they likewise live in communities, live under a régime of terrorism exercised by the stronger over the weaker.

I may mention one more important difference between the manlike apes and other apes, although unfortunately we have not complete scientific evidence as yet upon this point. Some zoölogical investigators who have resided for several years in Kamerun and have studied chimpanzees and gorillas carefully have come to the conclusion from investigating their nests that the anthropoid apes, although they live in communities, have permanent mates and a distinct family life. If this is so, that practice distinguishes them clearly from the lower orders of monkeys, where the horde organization unquestionably prevails throughout.

BROADCASTING

BY A. C. BENSON

[*Adelphi*]

CALL me the mirthful spirits, every one,
To solace me, to sate my craving ears
With all the babblement beneath the sun,
The jests men flourish to disguise their fears.

Fall from the sky, and ripple into song,
O sounding string, O wind made musical!
Conspiring dreams, that would your grace prolong
To cheat the silence that awaiteth all.

Hush, hush, ye chiding spirits! Be content
With what ye prate of, with the world ye span.
Leave me the all-enfolding firmament!
This only know I — that the heart of man
Is sweeter than the idle word he saith,
And silence is the noblest gift of Death.

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A PEASANT SANATORIUM

BY A. KISELEV[1]

THE red flag flies over Livadia, the Tsar's former residence in Crimea, which has now become a peasant sanatorium. The new institution was opened with official ceremonies on July 28. Toil-worn and invalid men and women in homespun and caftans, some of them even in birch-bark sandals, dwell in the palaces where Alexander III and Nicholas II, 'the Bloody,' formerly held court — palaces built with the hard-earned money of the Russian people and now restored to their legitimate owners.

Livadia is an estate of some eight or nine hundred acres, overlooking the Black Sea at one of the most picturesque spots on the Crimean coast. A considerable part of it is in vineyards; another part forms a magnificant park planted with exotic trees from all parts of the world; and it embraces also a large formal garden.

The estate has some twenty-five miles of paved roads, and about four hundred buildings, of which a hundred and ten are residences. Naturally, the largest is the 'Great Palace,' where the Imperial family used to spend the spring and early summer. It is a three-story building containing one hundred and twenty-five rooms, most of which are two or three times as large as an ordinary peasant's hut. To give an idea of the sumptuousness of the palace furnishings, it is sufficient to say that Empress Alexandra's boudoir contained one table appraised at nine hundred dollars, curtains valued at five hundred dollars a pair, and a rug worth five hundred dollars. These three articles alone cost as much as peasants would spend for the materials for a dozen habitable cabins. In addition there is the 'Small Palace,' where Alexander III once lived and died. It has only twenty-seven rooms, and has not been occupied since Alexander's death.

Not far from the Great Palace is the so-called 'House of the Suite,' which has sixty-two rooms. Ladies-in-waiting, aide-de-camps, the notorious royal favorite Vyrubova, and all higher members of the Tsar's retinue, resided here. Several other buildings surrounding the residences of the chief idlers were occupied by a host of servants who did the work for the crowned and titled parasites, none of whom could even dress without assistance. A great number of still humbler servants was therefore needed, who in turn did the work of those who performed these unnecessary services for the higher-ups. Even the meanest of them, however, enjoyed better working conditions than most servants in Russia. No one was admitted to such employment except those who had grown up in the families of previous generations of Tsars' servants, and they were as loyal to their monarch as a dog is to its master.

Garages, stables, carriage houses, hothouses, dairy buildings, and numerous other appanages, also formed part of the estate.

The new peasant sanatorium occupies the Great Palace, the Small Palace, the 'House of the Suite,' and several of the servants' quarters. The other

[1] From *Izvestia* (Soviet Government official daily), *July* 8

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buildings form the Convalescent Home and Rest Cure Hospital of the Moscow printers and of the Central Insurance Office. Altogether eight-three buildings are occupied by patients.

Among these is the former residence of General Fredericks, the Minister of the Imperial Court, which has thirty-six rooms, the buildings occupied by the staff of the Field-Marshal, by the Honorary Guard, by the Palace servants proper, by the higher officials of the political police, by the lower officers of the same body, by 'His Majesty's Own Bodyguard,' by the inspectors of his wine cellar, by the priests and church attendants, by the teachers and tutors, the choir of the Imperial Chapel, and so forth and so on; it would make a tiresome list altogether. The higher members of the Court alone, who did no work whatever, numbered about one hundred.

People who lived at Livadia in the days of the Tsar tell me that more than a hundred motor-cars were always to be found in the great garage, not counting the cars and carriages kept in private garages by the higher members of the suite. In those days the population of the estate was several thousand, exclusive of the guards and the police, who alone numbered three thousand. In addition the Empress's cavalry regiment of a thousand men was quartered in Simferopol, thirty miles inland. A network of secret-service men covered the whole Southern Crimea. Their headquarters were at Yalta, and they kept a special corps of police dogs.

What this estate represented in cost to the country may be gathered from the following items: the Great Palace alone, without its furnishings, is appraised at $1,250,000. That is where the Tsar rested after the Japanese war, after the massacre of the workmen in St. Petersburg in 1905, after the execution of insurgent peasants and workers in Moscow and sailors in Kronstadt. Here he spent the people's money like water, and whatever he could borrow besides. It was thus he added to Russia's huge public debt — so large that if the people were to pay it now every individual in the country would be taxed five hundred rubles, or $1250 for each peasant family of five persons!

A physician at Livadia told me that the country people who come here for rest recuperate with remarkable rapidity. Diseases that would incapacitate a factory worker or an office employee for a long period disappear in a much shorter time when the patient is a peasant.

I found these patients in a buoyant mood. When I was talking with one of them, he sank into an armchair with a sigh of satisfaction, exclaiming, 'Now I'll sit for awhile in the Tsar's seat!' Another one, seeing a photographer passing with his camera, sat down in an armchair in the Tsaritza's boudoir and called: 'Look here, comrade, take a picture of me in the Tsaritza's armchair. And be sure to give me a copy. I'll show it in the village at home and tell them how I rested here and how I sat on the Tsaritza's furniture. I reckon not only the neighbors, but the people from other villages, will come to have a look at it!'

Members of the sanatorium staff also told me that the peasants are very careful with the luxurious furnishings of the palace. They do not throw cigarette stubs, matches, or paper on the floor, and are quick to rebuke anyone who is untidy or disorderly. They are equally careful of the flowers that surround the buildings. Moreover, they are very polite and tactful to the staff and to each other. No special effort is needed to make them obey the rules. They follow the doctor's instructions scrupulously. Several physicians told me that they conducted themselves better and

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were easier to treat than factory employees.

The disposition that the Soviet Government has made of this palatial estate of Livadia is of great political significance. When the peasants see the sumptuous palaces they fall into rapture. The luxuries of their surroundings, the fairylike beauty of Crimea, the magnificent gardens and vineyards and greenhouses, all combine to impress upon the peasant mind some conception of the money that the Tsar used to spend for his own pleasure, upon things that now belong to the people. Even the most stupid peasant, after a brief stay in Livadia, sees what the people have gained by the revolution of 1917. When they go back to their villages they tell all their neighbors about the luxuries that the Tsar formerly enjoyed, and make them more determined than ever to stand behind the Soviet Government. Here, at Livadia, the peasant begins to understand the meaning of the International: —

> No one will bring us our salvation,
> No tsar, no god, no hero great;
> We shall achieve our liberation
> With our own hand and that alone!

LISTENING TO MUSIC IN SPAIN [1]

BY J. B. TREND

MUSICAL people in England sometimes tell me that they are 'tired of the Spanish idiom.' I have been wandering in out-of-the-way parts of Spain now for several weeks, and am still wondering what 'the Spanish Idiom' in music is. Of course I know what musicians mean by it. It is, they would say, the sort of thing you get in *Carmen*, in Granados and Albéniz, Turina and Falla — persistent dance-rhythms, turns, and triplets, and a fondness for a particular cadence.

This Spanish idiom, as I have heard it lately, has been chiefly produced by electric pianolas. The noise and clatter of some venerable Spanish towns is unbelievable. There is Gerona, for instance. It might almost be an undiscovered corner of Venice, with colored houses going straight down into a desiccated canal, and smells which at any rate are quite Venetian. Yet there are three consecutive bars — American bars, of course — with a pianola in each; two are always playing together, while on market day a third chimes in with a peal of bells and the sound of a harmonium.

To the young lady in the newspaper kiosk opposite, the effect must be like a continuous performance of Lord Berners's '*Valses bourgeoises*,' with a little Darius Milhaud once a week. It is amusing enough for a few minutes, while your coffee cools and a boy cleans your shoes; for each of these instruments plays quite definitely in 'the Spanish idiom,' with the familiar rhythms, the turns and triplets, and the Phrygian cadence all complete. Yet when you have got accustomed to it, and to the fact that the performance is in two different keys at once, you realize that there is nothing in it — nothing except 'the Spanish idiom.'

[1] From the *Criterion* (London literary quarterly), *July*

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The one-man band which played one evening in another café, under the arcades farther up the street, was far more interesting. The man wore the traditional Catalan cap and blouse, and played a 'penny whistle' with one hand while he somehow beat a complicated rhythm on a small side-drum with the other. Sometimes the drum stopped; and the whistle, played with both hands, produced a long and elaborate flourish, returning to the original theme, and the drum, at the end.

It was ingenious and pleasing; the tune seemed as if it would be 'square' and symmetrical, and then always added a bar or two too much. There was nothing of 'the Spanish idiom' about it; the man played in the ordinary major scale, yet he held his audience rooted to the spot as his cadenza got faster and more exciting, until when the cadenza ended and the drum began again they all burst into spontaneous applause — just as the audience does at a performance of *Cante hondo* at Seville or Granada. Then, when everyone had gone to bed, and even the electric pianolas had finished, the night watchman appeared with his pike and lantern, prowling along the dark, narrow streets and singing — in Catalan — a perfectly definite and obviously ancient chant, 'Praise ye the Lord!'

The most pleasing experience so far has been the festival of a local vegetation-god, San Isidro Labrador, here at Segorbe, on the borders of Valencia and Aragon. It is a place that is decorative to the last degree, combining Valencian orange-groves with Aragonese mountains. Moreover, they have no electric pianolas, and the chief sounds are the bells showing that the milkmen are going their rounds, the one with a cow and the other with a couple of dozen goats.

The procession of San Isidro was headed by a drummer and two men in smocks playing upon *dulzainàs* — hautboys with a real bite and squeal to them. The tunes they played — there were two of them — were regular and symmetrical in form, and composed in the style of the early eighteenth century. One player always began about a couple of bars after the other, not because he was late or incompetent, but because each piece was written with some pretense to a fugal style. They were, however, in one of the ecclesiastical modes (mixolydian), familiar in English folk-song.

Then came, in two long lines, the members of the Agricultural Syndicate in their smocks, with candles in their hands; and eventually the *paso* of the saint, carried shoulder-high. He was dressed in peasant clothes of the seventeenth century (the ceremony was invented about 1600, in the time of Lope de Vega, who celebrated it in poems and plays); he had a spike of corn in his hand and a peculiar halo of some vegetable substance at the back of his head. Before him waddled two little girls in the traditional costume of the country, with a good deal of lace about them and bright-orange skirts; while behind and round the sacred image were six little boys with props on which the *paso* rested when the procession came to a standstill. When this happened other little boys let off crackers and rockets; for besides agriculture and the manufacture of walking-sticks, the chief industry of the place seems to be the preparation of fireworks.

At the end of it all, after the municipal and ecclesiastical authorities, came the town band playing something which sounded like Beethoven gone wrong. As a matter of fact, it was interesting for the way in which it was arranged for the instruments. It belonged to an earlier and less vulgar tradition than the modern Spanish national anthem, and the thick, heavy

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chords in the bass were not without impressiveness and solemnity. The finale was a moment of real musical emotion. The front of the procession entered the cathedral while the *dulzaineros* went on playing their squealing hautboys outside. Presently the tail of the procession came in sight and the band was audible at the end of the street. Bells were rung, fireworks were let off, and there was a glorious medley of sound — like the end of Turina's admirable and brilliant orchestral piece, '*La procesión de Rocío*,' which is, of course, an expression in terms of the modern orchestra of just such another Spanish occasion.

Again I asked myself, where was the Spanish idiom? It was left for a rather vulgar entertainment at the *Centro Republicano* to supply it, when two nights later a large gathering of young republicans in smocks were regaled by a plump lady, who sang improper songs in the Phrygian mode and in the style of Andalucía.

The 'Spanish idiom,' then, is the idiom of Andalucía, degraded by gypsies, and still further debased by composers of popular songs. There is, of course, a true Andaluz idiom, as Falla demonstrated at his festival of *Cante hondo* at Granada in 1922; and there are several other musical idioms in Spain, which are not Andaluz at all — Aragonese (for example, the familiar *jota*), Asturian, Basque, Castilian, Catalan, Galician, Murcian, Valencian, and others.

The most complete contrast to the Andaluz style is perhaps the Catalan. Differences of language and accentuation, and the large number of one-syllable rimes, have given Catalan music a character of its own. It has less passion than the music of the South, but more clarity; and it has nothing to do with the guitar or the Phrygian mode. Its form is less primitive and more developed; the words are often ballads or old legends, such as '*Comte l'Arnau*' and '*La Dama d'Aragó*' (sung to me one evening on the platform of a wayside station). Others relate to historical persons or events, such as Don Juan de Serralonga, the famous seventeenth-century robber, the civil war of the *Segadors*, and the War of the Spanish Succession, in which the Catalans, like the English, were on the losing side. Others again are religious, or pastoral like the delightful '*Pastoret, bon pastoret*,' the rhythm of which would be given by the words, 'There goes the boy, looks after the sheep.'

There is a great revival of choral singing in Catalonia, and arrangements of folk-songs are extremely popular; the principal choral society, the *Orfeó Català*, has lately given a number of performances in Rome. There are also flourishing folk-dance societies, one of which held an important festival at Igualada, near Barcelona, at the beginning of May.

The man who made modern Spanish music known in the rest of Europe was a Catalan — Enrique Granados. Albéniz, an older man, had written more for the pianoforte and had composed and produced operas to librettos by an Englishman — the late Lord Latymer. But Granados seemed to bring something that was new into pianoforte music, and his fame was definitely established when it became known that he had gone down in the 'Sussex,' torpedoed in the English Channel in 1916.

What Granados introduced into the music of Northern Europe might be described as a gesture. 'Stately Spanish grace' is the first thing that strikes one in such a piece, for instance, as '*Los Requiebros*,' in the first book of his *Goyescas*. In his way of writing for the pianoforte he owed much to Liszt; the texture of his music is definitely nineteenth century — that is to say, Ger-

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man. Yet his sense of form — or, as some people hastily concluded, the absence of it — was also new; he rambled on, making his points by repetition, like a Spanish poet, and saying the same thing in a number of delightful and decorative ways.

Granados, with his alert Catalan intelligence, was quick to seize upon the essential qualities of the music of other times and other regions. He rearranged — though it was a pity to tamper with them — some of the harpsichord sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti, who through his long residence in Spain is regarded as the founder of Spanish pianoforte style; and he composed several books of *Tonadillas*, in the manner of eighteenth-century Spanish songs. His masterpiece is the famous collection of *Goyescas*, pianoforte pieces — which were afterward worked up into an opera — suggested by scenes from the paintings and tapestries of Goya.

Albéniz was also a Catalan by birth; and though he sometimes made use of tunes from his own country, he preferred as a rule to draw upon Andalucía. His last works, the four books of pianoforte pieces known as *Iberia*, are brilliant studies of characteristic rhythms and effects from different parts of Spain, often with a great sense of poetical suggestion. They are very much in 'the Spanish idiom,' but it is the Spanish idiom employed by a master, and in the best of them — for example, '*Evocación*' (which contrasts a tune from Navarre with one from Andalucía), '*El Albaicín*,' '*El Puerto*,' '*Almería*' — one can forget the idiom in the beauty of the musical thought; while even '*Triana*,' if it contains nothing much besides the 'idiom,' always surprises and pleases with its ingenuities of color, its suggestions of the tambourine and snatches of *Cante hondo* coming from across the river.

The more one gets to know these pieces of Albéniz, the more it becomes apparent that 'the Spanish idiom' is something to which one has to become so accustomed that one no longer notices it — in other words, it is impossible to see what a composer means until his idiom is so familiar that one is no longer distracted by it. There is much Spanish music, and much musical material, in Spain which shows no trace of the Spanish idiom as it is usually recognized. Considerable use has been made of this in Catalonia; Guridi has drawn largely on Basque tunes; while Granados — for example in '*La Maja y el ruiseñor*' in the *Goyescas* — and Falla — in '*El Retablo de Maese* Pedro' — have achieved a wonderful *evocación* of the music of Castile.

Regional music in Spain has, of course, been made an instrument of Separatist propaganda. It is the privilege of a musician, and the obligation of an English musician, to preserve a strict neutrality and make as many friends as he can.

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PARABLE OF THE LAZY CARPENTER[1]

BY G. O'K. DE G.

OLD Baij Nath Prasad Seth is one of the big brass-wallahs of Benares. He is furthermore a humorist and a philosopher. It is in this latter dual capacity that I shall ever remember him. This morning I sat in conclave with him for two hours. We discussed many things, such as the virtues of the East and the vices of the West, and the religions of both hemispheres. To illustrate some point of faith or morals he told me the following story, which, he said, was current among his people. As I think it justifies itself, I will reproduce it as nearly as possible verbatim, without further apology: —

'Once,' began Baij Nath Prasad Seth, seated tailor-fashion on a divan in the second-floor room of his brass-encumbered premises, with the knuckles of either hand pressing into the flesh of his knees, 'dere was a carbender who go to de mosque, and he hear de high priest read from de Koran dat he must have faith — dat Gawd is responsible for de foods of every man. So de carbender he listens and den he tinks, "If Gawd responsible for de foods of every man, what use I work?" and so he go home. And next day, instead get up six o'clock, he lie in bed nine o'clock, and so his wife she interrogates him why he no work. Den he say to his wife, "I have heard in the Koran dat Gawd is responsible for de foods of every man; derefore, what use I work? Gawd is responsible for my foods and for your foods and for the choker's foods. I not work more again."

'But his wife, she a quarrelsome woman; she make great row; she call neighbors; she say loud he no good, and so dey beat him wit sticks and sore him much, and he say, "Ver' well; you beat me, but Gawd is responsible for my foods. I go way, but I not work more." And he go anoder quarter of de town. But dere also dey beat him wit sticks, and he must go way again.

'So den he tinks, "Gawd is responsible for my foods," and he walks out into de forest. And he walks for dat day and dat night, and next morning he ver' tired and hungry, and he see de grave of a "Chuntalog" wit dish of paste on de top. (Dese people dey always puts dish of paste on grave to feed gawds of dead men. But we know dat not true.) At first he want eat dish of paste, but den he tink, "No, I not eat foods from dead unless Gawd, Who is responsible for my foods, He make me." Den he sit down near de grave and wait.

'After sometimes a band of robbers comes and dey see dish of paste and dey want eat, but chief he say, "No! Some enemy, who not like us, he put dish of paste for us to eat, and it is poisoned." Den dey look about for de enemy, and presently dey find de carbender sitting near de grave; and den de captain he say, "Ha! You are my enemy! You will poison me! Well, you must eat yourself!" But de carbender he make cry out, "No, Master! I not your enemy! I not want eat on grave! Gawd is responsible for my foods!" Den two of de robbers dey hold him, and de captain he put de paste down his throat and de captain and de robbers

[1] From the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin Independent daily), *June* 20

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dey laugh, "Ha! Ha!" But de carbender he say, "Gawd is responsible for my foods," and he tell de robbers how he comes dere and why he not want eat. Den de robbers ver' angry and dey punish de carbender and beat him wit great wickidity wit fists till he all cut and swell.'

Here Baij Nath Prasad Seth gave a sporting pantomime on his own fat cheeks of what the carpenter's pummeling must have resembled, and then proceeded with his narrative.

'Den dey go way and bresently a fakir saint come dat way and see de carbender much wounded, and he ask him how he so injure. And de carbender answer, "Master, I hear in de Koran dat Gawd is responsible for de foods of every man, so I say, 'What use I work?' and den my wife she beat me, and den de neighbors *dey* beat me, and den I come into de jungle and robbers *dey* beat me, because I eats de foods Gawd send me and I am not poisoned."

'Den de fakir saint he tell him, "Yes, Gawd is responsible for de foods of every man, but every man must work too. Like boy in his fader's house who do not work, he gets foods, yes, but his fader punish him much if he not work too. So you, when you not work you gets foods too, but you gets punished ver' much by Gawd."

'And so de carbender went back to work and helped Gawd to be responsible for his foods.'

After this effort in moral theology, old B. N. P. S. was so pleased that he offered me a cigar, pressed upon me some cardamoms from off his shiny palm, and gave me many other marks of his esteem. After much palavering and wishes for future welfare, I parted from him in the spacious courtyard of his abode, drove out through his narrow portals into the festering bazaar, and so, with much cracking of whips and shouting of gharry-wallahs and bearer, swung into the main street and back to Clarke's for tiffin.

RANDOM EXPERIENCES OF A SMALL-BOAT MAGELLAN[1]

BY CONOR O'BRIEN

[Mr. Conor O'Brien, who recently sailed round the world in a twenty-ton sailing yacht, and whose article describing one of his experiences is published below, gives the following account of motives which led him to undertake his adventurous voyage: —

'I wanted to go to New Zealand to join a mountaineering party, and thought my own boat would be more comfortable and cheaper than a mail steamer. She was n't. Moreover, I lost three months on the way out, being deserted by several crews, and so did not get to New Zealand till the climbing season was over. But I also felt curious as to how a small boat would behave in the 'Roaring Forties,' and so took mine down to see, though she is not a very suitable type. I had had some ten years' experience yachting round our coast and in patrol boats during the war, and I came to the conclusion that a vessel which would stand

[1] From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *July* 30

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the weather in the West of Ireland would stand anything. At least my vessel was not troubled off the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Horn, or any of the places people write blood-curdling yarns about. From this point of view the voyage was quite successful. The average speed I got out of a thirty-five-foot boat — four and three-fourths knots outward and five and one-fourth homeward — astonished my friends and satisfied me.']

THE world, as I saw it, consisted of six large seaports, as many small islands, — all but one well known and well tourist-ridden, — and a great deal of sea. To a steamboat passenger it would have seemed an intolerable deal of sea, but to me, in a twenty-ton sailing yacht, it was so near and so intimate that its ever-varying form and color provided an undying interest; while only over the great open spaces can the study of the winds, the first necessity of the sailor, be pursued to advantage. To me at least the principal interest of my voyage lay in the sea.

For though the smallness of my yacht and of my crew put few limitations to my use of the sea, it did greatly restrict my landings. I could carry only a very inadequate boat (and midway through the trip even she was discarded); I was cursed with very incompetent boatmen, and a perpetual lack of anyone to whom I could trust the ship if I went away from her. So I had to pass by places I should have visited — Trinidad, Amsterdam, and Raval Islands, and many others which, not being able to use, I did not even sight — and confine my shore-going to ports where the people ashore provided the means of getting me ashore; places of no more interest to me or to anyone than Cowes and Dundaoghaire. With two exceptions harbors were places I stayed in merely because my crew had deserted, or got sick, or been sacked, and I could not get away. During the two years of my voyage I had fourteen months of harbors.

Consequently I spent some ten months at sea, and not all of that devoted to the strict business of getting round the world. To sail that distance in that time and in a vessel hardly thirty-eight feet long on the water-line — and by no means an ideal design either in hull or rig for the purpose — meant that we could not afford to make many mistakes in our search for suitable winds. We could not make up time lost by careless navigation in light weather by carrying canvas in a gale. The ship made her best runs in moderate breezes; if I tried to drive her she stopped. I have tried. One of my crew, a little the other side of Cape Horn, grumbled out, 'In my last ship we should be under lower topsails.' 'So should we,' I said, and he had to set — well, all the topsails we had. I wanted to show him that we did n't make 150-day passages like his last ship. Here one could moralize a good deal on the decline of the sailing ship.

The other cause of long passages is that many vessels are not navigated on right principles. This is the less excusable because navigation over the oceans under sail is one of the finest of sports; it is a contest between the ship and the winds, fought out under the laws of storms, which are as well formulated as and subject to no more exceptions than most other laws. Somewhere there is a fair wind of just the strength we want; if we have plenty of space to go and look for it in, and keep one eye on the barometer and the other on the clouds, we have as good a chance of winning the game as the elements have. It is played on a large field. When we came home there was a thousand miles of anticyclone between the Western Islands and the South of Ire-

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land, to which I was bound. We in the South are parochially minded. I steered for the South of Ireland, and lost by nearly a week of calms and baffling winds. Had I steered for any other part of Ireland or the adjacent States I should have won by half a gale of wind from Tory Island to Dublin Bay. If I had got the wireless weather reports from Valencia and Reykjavik — but that would have spoiled all the fun.

One cannot sit down and wait for an anticyclone to roll by. It does n't. Most cyclones are far more lively, and the combination of their proper movement with that of the ship gives the navigator more freedom and quicker results. But even they can be perverse at times. On our outward passage we were blocked by a most obstinate succession of them in quite the wrong part of the South Atlantic. We tried to get south of them and failed; we tried to get through the middle of them, and succeeded certainly in striking the exact centre of the first we met. I should perhaps only call this a cyclone by courtesy, for the wind was never more than a moderate gale, but it displayed in miniature all the phenomena of the real article: the calm centre with a topping irregular sea — I had not previously realized a pyramidal sea; the moon shining through a clear spot overhead — there always ought to be a moon there to show the fantastic way the clouds rush about; the clouds spitting out thunder and lightning all round the horizon; and, finally, the rain. The rain flattened out that horrible sea with one blow; but clearly this zone was not recommended for navigation. To the northward the ocean was navigable, though grudgingly; but the winds kept edging us, not too gently, in the direction in which we least wished to go.

If we lost some tricks in the Atlantic, we won them back in the Indian Ocean. For a fortnight, for over two thousand miles, we hung on the flank of a storm; and when it sheered off to harry the coasters of Fremantle it passed us on to an equally friendly, though less efficient, colleague to escort us across the great Australian Bight. This was good luck, and also a little bit of good management; for in order to keep up with the storm system traveling 150 miles a day we had to keep in that part of it where the direction and force of the wind best suited the ship's idiosyncrasies. It is worth while to keep one's wits sharpened in those latitudes. In the Trades I nearly died of boredom; it is too depressing to see the same wind, probably a head wind, day after day, and to know that nothing one can do will make any difference to it. It is very nice to have fine weather day after day, and most days flying fish for breakfast, but I should not care to live and die a flying-fish sailor.

There are also calms, in belts of more or less permanence, where day after day the sun rises from an indistinguishable gray horizon over a sea of pale-blue silk shot with gold; where at noon the shadow of spars and sails falls wholly on the deck as the ship is carried from side to side on a long low swell that runs swiftly under the dark water. And so all day, till the glaring sun goes down and sea and sky close together till dawn; and so next day, and so on, and so on, till captains go mad and crews starve. But if it does not go on too long, a calm is worth seeing, and the colors of the morning and evening sky reflected from the broad unruffled planes of the swell are a pleasant change from the blue-and-white monotony of the trade-wind areas. What impresses me, however, is floating on a sea that has no bounds, in which there is no distance, and no scale. In a large ship the eye unconsciously distinguishes ship from sea;

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in a small one, sea from sky. When this distinction is lost the mariner feels very much lost indeed.

Because my small vessel did not roll, but as she swung me through the stagnant air caused a pleasant draft, and because I did not anticipate a long detention, I did not grumble at the few calms I met, but turned all my gear out on deck to dry. For us a good sailing-breeze means a good wetting, for we are always very near the water. This has its compensations; you cannot appreciate the form of waves from the deck of a mail steamer unless they are so big that you have other things to think about besides looking at them. From my deck, to run before a sea twenty feet high seems like wandering through ranges of mountains — snow-capped mountains buttressed by dark ridges which run over their advancing slopes, here tearing off a summit that sweeps down them in an avalanche of foam, there throwing it up in a jagged translucent crest against the sky. Quickly at first our stern rises, then slower and slower as we hang on the face of the precipice, and the water comes roaring up to meet our bows; the wall behind us is rent with a crash and two great breakers shoot ahead of us, one on either side; gently we are let down into a vast expanse of hissing foam. So the cycle is repeated, for a week perhaps, to an accompaniment of glorious music. All winds have their song, but the irritating hornpipe of the Trades is to the triumphal march of the Westerlies as is a fiddle to a full orchestra.

If these things do not move you, do not come with me sailing across the oceans, for you shall see no other ships through long weeks, nor any life but birds, and only in a calm will they come alongside and entertain you — observe two albatrosses sparring with their wings, and listen to their language when they find that a Cape pigeon has stolen the piece of beef which you threw between them. But you will not often see that, for calms are short-lived in the Southern Ocean. Most often the albatross is sweeping in great circles round the racing ship, the tiny petrels are fluttering in the trough of the seas, the prions zigzagging over their crests, and the Cape pigeons adding a thousand spots of white to their foam-flecked sides; till the day when penguins come rolling past like little porpoises, and the following day when gannets, cormorants, and all manner of gulls inform us that on the third day we shall have crossed another ocean.

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A MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS[1]

BY 'KAMASU'

HAVING tired himself out with base comparisons, the chief was silent, but Abraham Isaacs was not one whit abashed: his bright eyes rolled round the court seeking an adherent here, a gleam of sympathy there, and finding neither.

The Lavari, or speaker, who sat beside the chief, raised his voice: 'A man who asks for money and offers nothing in return, who having already taken money on which profit was promised and never having gathered the profit but having eaten the money demands more as if by right, and even with threats — it is the talk of a fool or a child.'

'Or a rascal,' put in the chief. There was a murmur of applause in court.

An Arab wrapped in loose white gown and turban, from the shadow of which his aquiline face gazed yellowly forth, ventured a remark. 'The chief himself,' he murmured, 'has lost money through this business. How, then, can the chief talk the palaver?' A glance of mutual understanding flashed between him and Abraham Isaacs. The chief growled threateningly.

'Is this not my country?' he said.

'But Ibrahima is not one of your people,' said the Arab softly. This was true. Isaacs was classified by the Government as a non-native, which means that, having received a mission education and become a trader, he had thrown off his tribal allegiance and called himself a British citizen or Black Englishman — the title claimed by the miserable descendants of the freed slaves who inhabit the littoral of certain parts of West Africa.

Isaacs was watching the faces of the chief and his counselors. He read their thoughts and spoke quickly. 'If the big Mori-men (Mohammedans) will talk the palaver I shall be satisfied.' It was a clever move. He knew the chief was afraid of the Mahommedan hierarchy in the district, and would hardly dare to oppose openly their claim to interfere in his court. Such a right, of course, was nonexistent, but it is ill quarreling with men who can blight a tribe with disease, ruin the rice crop, and turn black men into monkeys.

But there was a man in the court whose fear of the Mori-men was in inverse ratio to the hatred he felt for Isaacs, who years ago had stolen his wife and had subsequently 'got right' when the case was tried.

'This is a case for the D. C. (District Commissioner's) Court,' said Beah-Yemi emphatically.

The Arab gazed at the ground and fingered his beads. Cunningly the chief affected to ponder.

'Ibrahima,' he said, 'says he is a white man's "pickin'," and this palaver of his he says is of a kind done frequently by white men. Lavari, do you think this palaver should go to the D. C.?'

'Pujeh,' burst out Isaacs excitedly, 'is without brain and takes many bribes.' A chorus of disapproval checked him for the moment, and he glared malevolently round the court. 'Pujeh is a small boy,' he continued

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *February*

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defiantly. 'I will try and teach him sense. If he will not learn I will hire a lawyer and carry my case before the judge in the red *lappa*. Then you will have my expenses as well to pay.'

The chief listened with an apprehensive eye on the Arab. The Lavari nudged him and whispered into his ear.

'Pujeh,' said the chief slowly, 'said he would be here when the moon was full. That is three days. It will be easy to talk the palaver then.'

'It is a lie,' retorted Isaacs insolently; 'he will not come until tax time.'

The old chief stiffened in his chair. His eyes snapped with rage. A threatening murmur rose from the crowd sitting round the court.

'Dog,' said the chief, 'slave son of a diseased mother, do you tell the Paramount Chief he lies in his own court?'

Isaacs saw he had gone too far, and cast an uneasy look toward the Arab. At this moment there came a ripple of mirth from the crowd. He turned his head and saw a native policeman, his red fez stuck jauntily on his woolly head, his rifle at the slope, padding briskly past the Barri. Behind him a string of carriers lurched along under their loads; a man in handcuffs guarded by two policemen followed; then came more carriers, sweating and grunting; and a native clerk in kid boots, puttees, a pink shirt, and a bowler hat brought up the rear.

'Pujeh, Pujeh comes!' went the hissing whisper.

The Arab faded away in the unobtrusive manner indicated by Longfellow. The face of Isaacs became watchfully impassive. The chief rose with a beaming smile. 'Go,' he shouted, 'bring a sheep, eggs, rice, palm wine. Bring many gifts! The D. C. has a free hand, and will return much better ones!'

The D. C., having finished his frugal lunch, went out into the veranda, where his deck chair had been put out in the coolest corner. The mud and wattle house was as cool as a house in that climate could be, but even so Pujeh (Pepper) was in a gentle perspiration.

He opened a month-old review and began to read. The sun poured its rays down on to the other end of the veranda. Outside, a thousand little yellow weaver birds flew and chittered in and out of the lime tree where they built their innumerable nests. The noise of disputing natives, softened by distance, floated up from the river-bank. A fat blue-and-orange lizard lay and watched the white man with unwinking eye. Pujeh's pipe fell from his mouth and the lizzard fled. Pujeh's breath came audibly and evenly from between his lips. Pujeh dreamed; he dreamed of a trout stream in Scotland, of honey in the comb, and linen sheets and lavender, and he smiled in his sleep.

Presently came Abraham Isaacs, clad in a black soutane, looking like a carrion crow that had lost its beak and forgotten how to hop. He gazed hungrily in upon the D. C., as though he thought to hypnotize him in his sleep. Hidden in his breast he fingered a charm designed to cloud the white man's brain and darken his eye. Under his arm he carried books and papers. His lips moved as he rehearsed to himself the speech he intended to make. His heart was full of hate, greed, and anxiety, and yet he thought vaguely that in finding the white man thus innocently sleeping he was starting with an advantage.

With a sudden shock he became aware of two cold blue eyes regarding him, while the voice of Pujeh said:—

'Well, Isaacs, stolen any more women lately?'

Isaacs sniggered, and with subservient noises intimated that the white man was pleased to jest.

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'I got right in that palaver, sir. It was a plot to spoil my name. He, he, he!' he giggled.

'Well, what do you want now? And why can't you wait till I hold court tomorrow morning?'

'The palaver is a big one, sir,' began Isaacs volubly in his best English, 'so I have brought up my books so that you may see how the matter stands clearly, before those uneducated people can spoil the whole word with lies and foolishness. The matter is this. When I came up to Rambina to float our company —'

'What!' ejaculated the D. C.

'A company,' explained Isaacs kindly, 'raises money by the sale of the shares. The money is then put into the business and the profits are divided among the shareholders pro rata.'

'Is that so?' asked the D. C. in an interested voice. 'I believe I have heard of such practices. Go on.'

'They are common in business circles,' said Isaacs indulgently. 'My partner remained on the coast while I came up to Rambina to interest the chief and people in the scheme. I may say that many important mission-agents gave their high approval at my efforts in the cause of light and progress.'

'No doubt,' said Pujeh drily.

'The chief and the big men at once saw the advantages of my proposal, and the immediate capital necessary was subscribed. It was mainly paid in kernels, kolas, and rice, and I had much trouble in converting it into cash wherewith to buy the necessary store and house. When this had been done it became necessary to purchase the stock, to give credits, to open branches. It was necessary to call for the unpaid balance on the shares. But see what these people are like! They will not pay! Having involved me in the scheme they refuse to pay up the balance due, and, more, demand that their money shall be returned! I would certainly have gone down to the coast and seen my lawyer about it, but, hearing that you were coming, and as you are our Big Man, I bring the palaver to you.'

Isaacs paused and looked expectantly at the D. C., who asked, with apparent irrelevance: —

'Who does that big house belong to? The new one with the "pan" roof and the cement floor?'

'Me,' said Isaacs. 'I mean,' he added quickly, 'the company.'

'Must have cost a good deal, eh?' said Pujeh negligently.

'It was very dear,' said Isaacs eagerly, 'to bring up the cement, the timber, the iron — ah, it was dear past mark! And the chief he knows this, and yet he will not pay and he will not make his people pay. All day I try, but I cannot learn him sense. How, I say, can we proceed without more cash? He will give no answer!'

'Have you got many shareholders?'

'Many, sir! Past a hundred. They could easily raise the balance on the unpaid shares if the chief would make them.'

'Must be rather a tight fit for them in the house, big as it is. How do they like it?'

'Who?' asked Isaacs in astonishment.

'The shareholders, of course.'

'The shareholders do not live in the house.'

'Who does, then?'

Isaacs cleared his throat; beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

'There is a big store, very big; it will hold fifty tons of kernels. My partner and I had much talk about it before we decided on the size. It was much trouble to build. Then there is the shop; it is nearly as big as that of the French company. And now I will show

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you my books and all the papers, and you will see the palaver quite clearly — how it stands.'

'But who lives in the house?'

'Oh, the house,' said Isaacs airily. 'I have gone there just at present; it was thought right that, as chairman and director-in-chief, I should live there — temporarily.'

'But who is to live there permanently?'

Isaacs licked his lips. There was a gleam of impotent fury in his narrow eyes.

'My partner and his family, I and my family, others perhaps.'

'Seems an imposing residence,' said the D. C. 'I noticed you had some more men stopping with you. No doubt you have plenty of room for visitors.'

Isaacs became busy with his papers and advanced a step. The D. C. waved him away.

'*Manaña*,' he said. 'To-morrow we will hold a grand meeting of the shareholders and go into the matter thoroughly. Good-bye, Isaacs; or rather, *au revoir*.'

Isaacs appeared rather loath to leave. 'But, sir,' he began, 'I have much more to explain —'

'To-morrow,' repeated the D. C. 'To-morrow we will interview the infuriated shareholders. I trust there will be no panic in the City; I hope no financial magnate will kill himself. We shall see. Meanwhile, Isaacs, I dislike having to give an order twice. Will you go away?'

Isaacs went, probably to 'hang head,' as he termed it, with the Mori-men. The D. C. had tea and then settled down to write a report on 'The Suspected Atrocities of a Human Crocodile Society in this District.' He was in the throes of authorship when he became aware of a pungent odour of scent and palm oil, a combination which 'turned the live air sick,' and without turning his head he was prepared to lay any odds that a wife of Abraham Isaacs was in the vicinity.

She was. A well-nourished damsel with a bright-colored kerchief on her head, a velvet gown wrapped about her middle, regarded him coyly out of sloelike eyes while she slowly chewed a root of cassava.

'Evening, sar,' she chanted in a hoarse though not unmusical voice.

Pujeh replied in the language of her tribe. 'Good evening. If you want to see one of my boys, go round to the kitchen. Do not stay here, because the scent you have rubbed on your body makes me feel sick.'

'Me no hearee that talk!' said the charmer indignantly. Pujeh continued to write. The damsel gazed with interest about the house and spat out a shower of chewed cassava.

'Marstah!' she whined. Pujeh wrote industriously.

'Me fink you fine man. You fine past all white men. You eye fine. You strong. Me plenty gladdy for see you, marstah!'

Pujeh continued to write.

Mrs. Isaacs laughed to herself in the manner of one who knows how to appreciate a rather intricate joke. Then she sat down suddenly and crossed her legs. Pujeh gave a sigh, leaned back in his chair, and blew a whistle. His orderly came running.

'Take this woman back to Isaacs,' he said briefly.

With a wide ivorine grin the man obeyed, though not without difficulty. It was quite five minutes before the protests of the D. C.'s caller died down in the distance. Stifled laughter came from the kitchen, and there was certainly a twinkle in the eyes of Pujeh as he continued to write.

The shareholders came in great force the following morning. As he approach-

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ed the court the D. C. saw Beah-Yemi and a gentleman in cotton drawers and a mackintosh engaged in a duet of which the theme was undoubtedly Isaacs, who stood boldly with folded arms in the middle of the 'Barri,' while a small and trembling boy held an armful of books and papers.

The old chief sat among his counselors, his skinny hands covered with heavy silver rings, which gave him the appearance of being armed with knuckle-dusters. His wrinkled face, surmounted by a cap of velvet and gold embroidery, was turned anxiously at Pujeh with an odd expression compounded of fear and affection.

The D. C. handed his helmet to a policeman and sat down with a portentous frown at his folding table. His two office boxes — loads most abhorred by carriers — gaped open on either side of him. He gazed keenly round the court, and every pair of eyes fell as they met his.

'I see no Mori-men here?' he said interrogatively to the chief.

'They have not come,' answered the Lavari.

'Good,' said Pujeh.

He opened an inkpot, placed a memorandum pad in front of him, leaned back in his chair, and addressed the meeting.

'The palaver is this. Ibrahima came to your town with promises to make you rich. See what trouble greed of money brings! Ibrahima said: "Give money and we will build a factory, we will fill it with goods; we will buy kolas, kernels, ginger, and rubber from the Bush people, who know not the proper value of these things. These things we will send to the coast in boats and sell at great profit. Thereby shall great riches accrue to us in due season." Is it so?'

'Yah-pee-ee!' came the chorus of affirmation.

'You paid the money and the store was built,' proceeded Pujeh. 'Ibrahima told you, first pay half, the balance will fall due perhaps some day, but not yet. To that last you paid no heed. You were eager to be rich. Now the money falls due to be paid. You will not pay. Is it so?'

'That is exactly the case, your worship,' gabbled the delighted Isaacs.

'I will now,' went on the D. C., 'examine the books of Ibrahima. I will explain them to you. After I have done that those who wish to talk may do so.'

The books of the West African General Produce and Development Company were laid on the table. The loose papers were so tattered, filthy, and hieroglyphical that they defied any but an expert examination. However, an exercise book that still retained its cover furnished a list of the shareholders with their marks opposite their names and witnessed by the company-promoter himself and the chief's clerk — Theophilus B. Macaulay.

'Stand up, Gegbah,' said the D. C.

The clerk, who loathed being addressed by his native name, stood up. The D. C. read out the names to him.

'You saw all these make their marks?'

'Yes, sah.'

'How much did these small men pay?'

'One pound each, sar.'

'How much did the chief pay?'

'Fifty pounds, sar.'

'Are there any Mori-men in this?'

The clerk swallowed twice and replied, 'No, sar.'

'You lie. Sit down.'

After a further examination of the books the D. C. looked at Isaacs and said, 'These amounts reach a thousand pounds.' Isaacs, who was boiling with his desire to speak, now overflowed altogether.

'A thousand pounds, your worship! Two-pound shares and one pound on each payable last year. Now the call

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comes for the balance. All is held up. We lack our stock, we lack our boats. All this time business might be progressing, but all is held up, and these people will not see not only that they are humbugging me but themselves also! They have promised to pay; they made their marks; all was explained to them. Why, then, will they not pay?'

'Why, then, will they not pay?' echoed the D. C., looking at the chief.

'What am I to do?' seethed Isaacs, gesticulating furiously, while his eyes rolled round and round the court. 'It will be very serious for me, your worship! I shall have to engage a lawyer, but that will occupy time, and as a business man my time is valuable. It is indeed outrageous that these people should use me so!'

'After all,' said the D. C., 'the money is theirs. I don't see that you are out of pocket.'

'Sir,' shrieked Isaacs, 'much, very much of my money is concerned in this! The house, the store, cost very much, the expenses were very great — enormous!'

'Yes?' said Pujeh. 'Just let me see the receipts for the house and buildings, will you?'

The face of Isaacs took on a sudden and wonderful change. A harsh peal of laughter came from Beah-Yemi, who, with his friend in the cotton drawers, had secured a prominent position among the squatting shareholders.

Pujeh fixed him with a glittering eye.

'You are mixed in this palaver? You have advanced money to Ibrahima?'

'I trust Ibrahima as I would a crocodile!' replied Beah-Yemi, and spat vehemently on the mud floor. Pujeh watched him carefully and then turned to Isaacs. 'Well?' Isaacs had recovered himself. 'I have not got them here, your worship. I left them down the river at Kemoh. But I will get them. As for that man who has just spoken, you will remember, your worship, how he "got wrong" in that case about a woman when he wrongfully accused me. Ever since then he spoils my name, curses my mother, and tries to make "rowl" with me.'

'Yes?' Pujeh fixed Isaacs with a pale-blue glare and barked suddenly in English: —

'Have you paid that five hundred pounds to the Dutch company in Monrovia?'

It says much for Isaacs's vitality that this wholly unexpected bomb did not crumple him up entirely. Heartily he cursed inwardly the Mori-man who had supplied him with expensive charms to darken the eye and brain of the D. C., and heartily he cursed the white men and all their works. With a gasp and a violent effort he pulled himself together.

'That is another palaver, sir. That has nothing to do with this one.'

'Perhaps not, perhaps not,' said the D. C. meditatively, 'but I am inclined to think it has.'

But at this point Beah-Yemi, so to speak, threw his hat into the ring and jumped after it.

'Men,' he shouted, 'fear the Government, fear lawyers, and fear Mori-men, but what is true is true, and I am too old to fear to say it! This thing has been done by power, and if the Governor's brother wishes to slay me he must slay me!'

At once the court was filled with cries of horror and consternation. The old chief tottered to his feet and shook his staff at the speaker; the Lavari, panic written clearly on his face, caught him by the shoulder and hissed warningly into his ear amid the uproar. The D. C. did not fail to note the terror-stricken face of Isaacs.

'Silence!' roared Pujeh, and at length the police calmed the meeting. 'What

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is the meaning of this disturbance?' he asked the chief angrily.

The old chief looked helplessly at him, and then turned to his counselors for assistance. None seemed forthcoming.

'It is ill to slander big men,' he said quaveringly. 'If the Governor's brother wishes to make money, who are we to humbug him?'

Pujeh gazed at him in astonishment.

'It is a matter which should not be mentioned,' said the Lavari. 'Beah-Yemi shall have a heavy fine put on him.'

'Five cows,' said the chief, his eyes on the D. C.'s face, 'ten cows, and many heads of cloth. But what I believe is that the Big Man who is Ibrahima's partner knows nothing of Ibrahima's attempt to pull more money from us.'

'What big man?' demanded the D. C., annoyed at this fresh development. There were immediate cries of 'Hush,' and Pujeh's face turned a dull red. 'Beah-Yemi,' he said in a mild voice which the shareholders hated to hear, 'come forth and make clear your words.'

The chief gave a groan of despair. Isaacs fingered his charm and muttered prayers in English and Arabic. Beah-Yemi, nothing loath, stood forth.

'Listen,' he said. 'I am an old man and I have few days in life, and therefore I have few fears. I do not fear Ibrahima, I do not fear the Mori-men. I do not fear the Governor's brother, because he is a white man and well-born, and therefore just. I say that he does not know what Ibrahima is doing, for he must have so much money that he cannot want to plunder black men!'

'The Governor's brother!' ejaculated the astounded D. C.

'It was said,' proceeded Beah-Yemi, 'that no word should be spoken about the Big Man. Ibrahima said he was proud and wished it not known that he mixed in a black man's palaver. Therefore he came not to the country, but when the people saw his face in the book they were glad. They said such a man must be good at business, and that he and Ibrahima would make much money. But Ibrahima and the Mori-men made all who paid money swear on strong medicine that they would never show the true word about the Governor's brother.'

'Isaacs,' said the D. C., 'where is the book?'

Uncertain noises came from Isaacs. It was gathered that he had left the 'book' with the receipt for the house expenses.

'Ha!' shouted Beah-Yemi decisively. 'There were many of these books. See! I have one, though Ibrahima knew it not. Look, O Pujeh, look upon the face of the Governor's brother.'

A crumpled piece of blue paper setting forth the purposes and capital of the West African General Produce and Development Company was placed on the table. But what first leaped to the eye of the startled Commissioner were two photographs, or rather prints, which appeared one on each side of the printed matter. One showed the features of Abraham Isaacs extended in an oily grin above a stiff white collar, while the other . . . Surely it was strangely familiar — the gray top hat, the massive shoulders filling the well-fitting frock coat, the eyeglass, the patriarchal beard, and shrewd yet benignant smile!

'Surely,' thought the D. C., as he surveyed with twitching lips the pleasing appearance of the Napoleon of the Pneumatic Tire Industry, 'he has fallen into strange company since I last saw him conversing with a duchess in the Park!'

He refolded the paper and, composing his features with an effort, addressed the anxious shareholders.

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'The word is this. This is not the Governor's brother. This is a big trader-man in England. I know him. He does not know Ibrahima. He has never heard of Ibrahima. Ibrahima is a liar. As for you, you are all fools. See what trouble greed of money brings! Now listen. The money is all spent, but you need spend no more. What remains? The house and perhaps a few goods that may help to satisfy you. The goods, if any, we will divide up; the house we will sell. There are traders down the river who will buy the house; the money will be shared up. Who gave a pound will get a pound, or, if the money is not enough, perhaps ten shillings, perhaps fifteen shillings. Is it understood?'

An exultant roar answered him.

'Good. We will now go to the house and make what is called an inventory. What did you say, Isaacs?'

But Isaacs was for the time past speech. He tried to say something about a distress warrant, but the words would not come. Kindly but firmly the old Mandingo police sergeant led him from the court behind the Commissioner, while the shareholders followed in the manner of those who attend a carnival.

But when they reached the house they found that the entire contents had disappeared. So had the Mori-men.

If there was any good point about Abraham Isaacs it was that he never knew when he was beaten. It said more for his heart than for his sense that he appeared again in the town that evening to throw a few venomous insults at the chief before leaving. However, the police sergeant saved him from any serious damage.

'Exit Mr. Montague Tigg,' murmured the D. C., as through his binoculars he watched Isaacs vigorously swimming across the river to the security of the Kemoh shore. 'A pity to introduce such acerbity into business relations! Well, I must make a note of this in the Intelligence Book.'

The entry ran as follows: —

'West African General Produce and Development Co. At the first extraordinary meeting of the shareholders at Rambina on –th April, 19–, it was unanimously decided that, the prosperity of the Company not having attained the pitch that had been expected, it was advisable to wind up the affairs of the Company without delay and pay the shareholders pro rata without calling on the unpaid capital. This done, a vote of censure was passed on the Chairman, the Directors, the Secretary, the Solicitors, the Treasurer, the Bankers, the Auditor, and the Company's expert. He left the chiefdom the same day — by water.'

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THE WOUNDED CITY[1]

BY ERICH DOMBROWSKI

It is afternoon when our ship, the Peer Gynt, turns into the narrow way through the Dardanelles. To the right, on the Asiatic shore, the ruins of Troy rise like shadows from the shimmering horizon. It was here that Agamemnon led the Greek army; here Achilles, divinely gleaming, fought; here Ajax raved; here Hector bade farewell to Andromache. Three thousand years gone. All that lives now in books alone. But on the other side, on the glittering peninsula stretching long and slender into the murmuring waves, there are the traces of a world-wide conflict which are still of immediate and living significance. Scarcely ten years have passed over them as yet. The wrecks of two or three English warships lie on the shore. Turkish fortifications stretch their gaping wounds. Monuments have been erected in honor of the fallen, and in the graveyard, stone by stone, the lamentations of the dead are not yet still.

The heights on both sides of the Dardanelles give greeting with their friendly, smiling villages and their wandering caravans. The first minarets emerge. Then, after some hours of monotonous traveling, the Sea of Marmora swallows up the ship. The banks disappear from view. Night spreads itself over heaven, earth, and water, but in the early morning people are again on the upper deck, ready for the experience of one of the world's wonders — the entrance into Constantinople. There stands the Mosque of Saint Sophia, close beside the seraglio, haughty and magnificent with its four slender towers grouped like outposts around the mighty dome, a dream of Byzantine architecture that has turned to stone. Garden after garden stretches down to the seashore. Imperial harems stand like the little rococo ladies concealed within. The massive old city wall struggles respectfully to repress the exuberance of art, of nature, of love, which here stretch out ardent arms to the shimmering sea. But is not all this simple imagination? Of course it is. The seraglio is dead. The colorful magnificence of its apartments is no longer accessible to anyone. The doors are closed, and there is no sultan any more; neither is there any imperial harem. The sensuous splendor of the caliph, at least in this city, is gone. Even the walls of the abandoned Sublime Porte, which for so many centuries played a decisive rôle in European politics, are tumbling down, and it was not at its best a very imposing edifice.

The mosques, these gleaming jewels of Stamboul, still exist, but even they are only façades, for the spirit has gone out of them. Mohammed has left Stamboul. The intellectuals no longer believe in the Koran, in the old traditions, in the prescribed ritual, in the innumerable hours of prayer. The modern Turk who hastens through the streets of Constantinople has a skeptic smile for the religious cult, tries to be European, and has relegated his Koran to a glass museum-case.

Now our steamer turns in a long curve into the Golden Horn. At the

[1]From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *May* 9

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same instant that the sun sinks dazzling in the background immediately out of the sea, like a scene from a fairy tale, rises an enormous sea of houses, climbing on both sides to the gentle slope, and everything becomes light, color, and life. The entrance into the Bay of Naples has magic beauty, it is true, though it has been in some degree cheapened for us by all the prints and pictures of it. But the entrance into the Golden Horn is picturesque, entrancing, and has nothing to compare with it anywhere in the world.

A ramble through the city is disenchanting. Nothing is left of the Thousand and One Nights. The gray of every day slips through the city. The Turkish women, at least those in Constantinople, no longer wear their veils, but young girls and women in short skirts and high-heeled shoes saunter on the pavements.

The rhythm of life is slow. The fezzes that the men wear on their heads are all that remind us that we are in Turkey. Otherwise all clothes are European. Even in the restaurants, to which in earlier days men alone had access, one sees nowadays the sexes in unconstrained association. The three or four hundred thousand Greeks who once communicated their curious liveliness to the business dealings have disappeared; the Armenians also. The Turks are among themselves, and the tempo is thoughtful, almost sleepy. Only over there, the other side of the Golden Horn, in Pera and Galata, where Europeans congregate, there is a more businesslike bustle.

Several quarters of Stamboul have been reduced to ashes by the recent great fires. Cold and mournful rise the ruins, and the houses, even the Parliament Building, which was once so proud, have not been rebuilt. Melancholy peers out of the dead windows. Pitiful figures, many children, women, and girls, press around one, begging with tears in their deep-black eyes, and everywhere one is given to understand that after the fearful exhaustion of the war all its need and misery and unemployment have concentrated in Stamboul. Amid this one might think himself in the scene of a catastrophe midway between two epochs. Does his fatalism prevent the Mohammedan, even though he has already stripped off the garments of the old belief, wholly or in part, from forcing his way with sturdy blows to the other shore?

One is almost compelled here in Constantinople to believe it. At any rate, the Turk is trying to build up a new political and cultural existence on this shore in Asia. Even Stamboul itself has been, if not absolutely neglected by these new men of Turkey's storm-and-stress period, at least set on one side. The Government, the Parliament, and everything dependent on them, have withdrawn to Angora. Stamboul is left to itself. Hurt and wounded, it lies upon its sick bed, hoping as every invalid does hope for recovery and health. It is as if with a million souls men still swarm in its streets and alleyways. Still amid the prodigality of nature, it is struggling for its existence. Old and dying Stamboul is yet unwilling to assume the rôle of the dethroned city, and the new-developing life which seeks to imitate modern Europe has not yet completed its work. There is a gulf between two souls: the nights of dreamful hope and wakening to the livid gray of morning.

There was a time when dogs in their hundreds of thousands wandered about the dirty corners and alleyways of the city. They were everywhere amid the dirt and confusion, sniffing to see whether they could not find something to eat. Their baying was audible wherever one went. Even these dogs were driven away immediately after

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the Young Turk Revolution. The streets have become clean, the dirt is cleared away. The dogs have been gathered up and taken over to the Prince's Island, since the Mohammedans, who regard animals as creatures with souls, did not wish to kill them. Consequently they were taken to the desolate island and left to their fate. During an evening in Pera I saw two little dogs slipping anxiously about, silent and cautious, humble and depressed, as if they were very eager to deny their own existence. Were these the last survivors of the mass destruction? Or were they already newcomers, Europeanized dogs, who, like their masters, wanted to know nothing more of the Sultan, the Caliph, and the Koran? Even if they had been trampled on, these dogs would not have dared to yap.

As the sun went down, the muezzins came out once more upon the round balconies of the minarets, and as it was still the time of Ramazan, people were going to the mosques even now, but there were none too many of them who followed the call of Allah. From the minarets rows of electric bulbs dropped, and while in the Djamis, the great assembly-places under the domes, the holy prayers were said, outside above the mosque they formed themselves into illuminated letters of the Prophet's name.

He who would seek to know the Turks and the Mohammedans, and to follow the traces of their culture and their faith, can no longer go to Constantinople, but must go farther into Asia, whither Turkey, deeply wounded, has drawn back to begin a new life. Over there it is another matter.

FIGHTING SUBMARINES[1]

BY CAPTAIN FRIEDRICH SCHLOSSER

[THE author commanded an Austrian U-boat during the war.]

THE worst enemy of the submarine was the invention of the American, Thomas Edison. It was an underwater microphone receiver able to detect the sound of the engine and propeller of a vessel at a distance of many miles — confidential reports said more than twenty miles.

When German submarines began to hover off Great Britain, all her important coastal points were provided with these receivers. Their presence was soon a source of great embarrassment to our ally's U-boats, whose arrival was immediately signaled, flotillas of torpedo boats and trawlers were sent in their pursuit, and — most important of all in defeating the primary object of submarine campaigns — commercial vessels were immediately warned away from the port. The result was that submarines could no longer lurk close to the English coast, and their chance of picking up a steamer was thus greatly lessened. It is primarily to Edison's invention that we must attribute the failure of Germany's unlimited submarine-campaign to accomplish its object.

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *July* 11

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Depth bombs and nets were also used against submarines. The latter were either stretched in front of harbors or towed by trawlers. Frequently bombs were attached to the nets. Pursuit planes proved of service for discovering and attacking submarines, as were likewise speedy submarines provided with microphone detectors and torpedoes designed to be employed at any depth. Another device was the so-called mystery ships. These were useless old steamboats anchored on the high seas in the midst of a mine field, as a bait to attract the enemy. Pursuit submarines were also stationed near these decoy vessels.

A less sportsmanlike stratagem was to send an armed vessel disguised as a tramp steamer or a sailing ship along a route where submarines were supposed to lurk. If an enemy U-boat appeared, no resistance was offered. Upon a signal to halt, the supposed tramp or sailor stopped and let the submarine approach. Up to that time she showed no flag or else a neutral commercial flag; but when the submarine was within range, the war flag of an Entente Power was quickly hoisted and a battery of concealed guns concentrated its fire upon the U-boat. Sometimes the vessel also attempted to ram its enemy. This is the way that the submarine of the famous Commander Weddingen was destroyed and that officer lost his life.

Our Austro-Hungarian navy did not have the means to undertake equally elaborate measures of defense. Furthermore, the activity of enemy submarines was not a matter of life and death to us. The natural dangers of navigation along the Dalmatian coast, with its numerous channels and islands, made our mine fields a sufficient protection there. But some stretches of open sea must be crossed in transporting troops and supplies from Pola or Fiume to Sebenico or Cattaro, and later to the Albanian coast. We also had to protect the entrances of our more important harbors. Imitating the system of the Entente, we provided a certain number of nets and trawlers, though our supplies of both were insufficient. We also used depth bombs. But lack of money — incredible as it may appear — prevented our securing an adequate supply even of these. A few were issued to our torpedo boats, but with injunctions to use them very economically. Commanders were ordered not to drop them unless they were absolutely sure of their target — which was practically a veto on their use, as the target is practically never visible in such instances. Bombs are most effectively employed in searching suspected waters.

In order to be fairly sure of destroying a hostile submarine it is necessary to drop at least twenty depth bombs from a vessel, as was the Entente practice. Then there was a fair probability that one of the bombs would do the lurking enemy enough damage to force him to rise. According to a rough estimate, more than five thousand depth bombs were used by the Entente Powers in fighting U-boats during the course of the war. In only ten cases were submarines compelled to rise or fatally damaged by this means — or five hundred bombs for one submarine.

Austria's torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers were provided, according to their size and construction, with from two to six of these bombs. Each bomb carried a charge of about fifty kilogrammes of explosive, and detonated automatically when it reached a determined depth.

But in order to destroy a submarine it is necessary to find it. So we organized a flotilla of small commercial

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vessels provided with a minimum of armament but a good sound-detector by which not only the presence of a submarine but also its direction could be ascertained. With this apparatus a U-boat could be picked up at a distance of five or six miles. These little vessels cruised in pairs at a sufficient distance apart so that the approximate position of any submarine discovered could be told by establishing the intersection of the two lines of direction indicated by the different vessels. The torpedo boats that accompanied them thereupon hastened to the point in question and dropped their bombs. Gradually the detectors were so improved that a practised observer could tell by the sound whether he was listening to a piston engine or a turbine, and therefore tell whether he had a surface or an underwater vessel 'on the line.'

These scout boats were not perfected until late in 1917, but in more than ten cases we had practically positive evidence that enemy U-boats were destroyed by this method of attack. Prior to that airplanes were the most efficient U-boat detectors. During their daily reconnaissance flights over the sea our aviators often discovered hostile submarines, and occasionally bombed them. Their principal service, however, was to let us know that such vessels were hovering near, for in this kind of warfare, more than in any other, forewarned is forearmed.

Still, it is more a matter of chance than of skill for an aviator to destroy a U-boat with a bomb. He can see the submarine, to be sure, if she is not more than ninety feet below the surface, provided the sea is smooth and the water clear; but she is visible only during the few seconds the observer's plane is perpendicularly over her and not more than from six hundred to a thousand feet above the sea. When it is ten degrees beyond perpendicular the refraction of the water conceals the enemy. So the aviator must drop his bomb during these few seconds. Since the speed of the airplane causes the bomb to drop in an oblique instead of a perpendicular line, it is largely a lucky chance under such limitations if it reaches its goal.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, our aviators in several instances succeeded in damaging submarines so that they were forced to come to the surface. That happened in case of the French submarine Foucault outside of Cattaro. An aviator returning from an observation flight picked up the enemy below the surface of the water and let him have the two bombs he carried with him. A couple of minutes later the great hull of a large submarine emerged. The speed with which her crew clambered out of the hatches showed that the boat was irretrievably damaged. So the aviator kept his machine-gun in reserve until he was sure of what had happened. He did not have to wait long, for the boat sank, her crew jumped into the sea, the two officers last of all, and the waving tricolor disappeared beneath the surface. Our aviator picked up as many of the swimmers as he could in his seaplane, and towed them into the harbor. The others were rescued by our torpedo boats.

Our net defense was not sufficient to do much damage to hostile submarines, but served fairly well to protect our harbor entrances. At the very beginning of the war, before the slightest intimation of what the enemy was doing along that line reached us, one of our own naval officers conceived this device independently, and it was promptly adopted.

Our nets consisted of steel wire or wire rope meshes about eighteen feet square. They reached three hundred feet below the water, and were sup-

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ported by huge oak-beams. When a submarine was caught in them it became the more firmly wedged in the mesh the more it struggled. We made our first capture as early as December 1914, when the French submarine Curie tried to get into Pola harbor by tagging close in the wake of a squadron of our own vessels through the narrow passage twenty metres wide opened in the barrier to admit them. If he had succeeded in penetrating the barrier he could have discharged his six torpedoes against our battleships lying at anchor there before we could have stopped him. After that he expected to be captured, for he would have had no means of egress. It was a bold plan, and if it had succeeded the greater part of the Austro-Hungarian fleet would have gone to the bottom. But he was an instant too late. The opening was closed before he reached it. His boat was caught in the net and could go neither forward nor backward. Her plucky commander manœuvred for several hours to extricate himself, but in vain.

As soon as we discovered our captive we were puzzled how to bring her to the surface. We had no depth bombs as yet. The little grenades that we let down and exploded made no special impression on our involuntary guest. Thus hours passed while we waited, rather passively, for something to happen. Two years later we should have disposed of the submarine in ten minutes with our depth bombs. Finally, after six long hours, she came up for air. It was already dark, and her commander possibly hoped that by rising very quickly he could surprise us and get away on the surface before we could stop him.

There had been a long pause in the submarine's violent effort to pull herself loose, probably to deceive us with the idea that she was disabled. Then all at once she fairly shot out of the water, carrying the whole net with her. It was a desperate manœuvre. The entire water ballast, some one hundred tons, had been forced out quickly, so that the boat rose with almost the speed of a projectile. The crew were ready to clear their boat from the net the moment she reached the surface, but a hail of shot instantly rained on her from every side. Hopelessly damaged, she quickly sank again, but this time without her crew.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

PIRANDELLO ON WRITING PLAYS

In the London *Evening News* Luigi Pirandello, who has lately had a signal dramatic success in London, elucidates his theories of the drama:—

I do not owe my thoughts to any philosophical book. They are born in myself. They are born from the labor of my spirit, through observation of the conditions in which men have been put by their birth on earth.

And my theatre is not built, like a piece of oratorical argument, upon this or that philosophical idea, but is built entirely upon live impressions which have been flashed to my imagination as an artist.

I have had the audacity of placing a mirror in the very centre of the stage. It is the mirror of Intelligence. Man, while alive, lives, but does not see himself. Sentiment by itself is blind; I have therefore so managed that this blind man at a certain moment should open his eyes and should see himself in that mirror and should stand as if frozen by the unthought-of image of his own life.

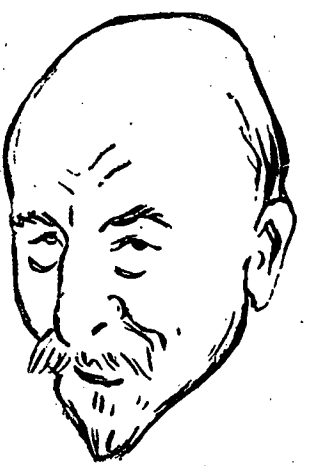
To live before a looking-glass is not possible. Try to look at yourself in a mirror while you are crying for your deepest sorrow, or while you are laughing for your merriest joy; your tears and your laugh will stop suddenly.

This is the whole secret of that 'humoristic brain-power' which critics have tried to discover in my theatre. They call me an 'overbrained,' a 'humorist,' because I have allowed man to see himself in the actions of his own life. And only a few — not entirely dazzled by the shining of that mirror — have so far succeeded in seeing the amount of real sorrow, the amount of human suffering, which this 'overbrained humorist' has succeeded in putting into and performing in his dramas and his comedies.

During the past season three theatres of Paris have played works by Pirandello, and an Italian company gave his most famous pieces in the author's native tongue. Robert de Flers talked with Pirandello in Paris and found him smiling, modest in his glory. He asked Pirandello what his next play would be, and the Italian answered: 'It probably will be called "The Island."'

'What will be its subject?'

'The most vast and the most moving that you can imagine. The true title would have been "The Birth of a Myth." I wanted to portray in dramatic form how a man's longing for faith makes him take hold of a plain fact, the first fact of everyday life that meets his eye, and make it the starting-point of a religion.'



PIRANDELLO

As seen by *La Semaine Littéraire*

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'AWFUL ZANIES'

THE fruits of a sale of private documents of Ministers of State, men of letters, and even a great queen, are thus analyzed in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly:* —

Intimate letters written by great monarchs, secret instructions issued by Ministers of State, legal documents concerning famous persons, and relics of historical interest were among the mementos which were sold at Puttick and Simpson's recently.

A letter from Queen Elizabeth, written to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton after the Huguenots had put Le Havre into the possession of the English, shows that monarch in an unusual and perturbed light: —

'We thinke it more than time that the matter was taken up with all possible spede lest I was come to far behind as fitteth most of our natio'. Persecute therefor your former negotiatio' with all possible spede. Consider how muche it toucheth our honour, our mens' lives, and my particular co'fort.

'Scribbled with my owne racked hand this 23 day of Julye — Your maistress, ELIZABETH R.'

Turning to authors, we find an unpublished letter in which Lord Bryon presents himself in a most unusual frame of mind. Writing to Lady Humphrey Davy, wife of the scientist, he says: —

'My nerves will I trust be adequate to encounter this awful introduction — I have no apprehensions of the temper of "Griselda," but I confess myself rather appalled by the wit of "Sir Delavour" and the sense of "Miss Nugent."'

Tennyson writes to his publisher: —

'The printers are awful zanies: they print erasures and corrections too, and other sins they commit of the utmost inhumanity.'

There are letters from Congreve and Carlyle, and there is evidence of Robert Louis Stevenson's interest in the study of music in the shape of a couple of musical manuscripts.

Autograph letters from many famous musicians include Schumann, Mendelssohn and Wagner.

A particularly interesting document is a deed signed by Edith and Denis Baynbrigge, the mother and stepfather of Guy Fawkes, transferring certain lands in Clifton, Yorkshire, that had belonged to the conspirator.

*

IPHIGENIA IN ERIN

AN interesting account of the performance of a classic Greek drama in Dublin is published by the *Irish Statesman:* —

The *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides was presented by the Dublin Drama League on the eleventh instant in the garden of Mr. Lennox Robinson's house at Dalkey. The setting of Killiney Bay was a drop scene of rare beauty, and few of the audience could have escaped an enchantment that seemed to recreate for the eye the life out of which these plays were born. On such a day in such a scene the apparition on earth of divine beings seemed not incongruous, and one was flung back into the mood that could exclaim: —

Full of Zeus are all the ways of men.

Yet the skepticism of Euripides perhaps appears in this play — a troubled intellectual current that frets beneath the human tragedy. The human beauty triumphs, and one was amazed anew in *Iphigenia* by the unity and completeness of the great Greek plays. Nothing essential is missing, what is necessary to reality is chosen, yet a bald and dreary realism is avoided. The play mounts from peak to peak of beauty.

Miss Elizabeth Young as Iphigenia interpreted beautifully her dual character of anguished woman and desperate priestess. Her stillness struck me particularly, and I hope I shall see Miss Young again in a Greek play; the classical tradition gives her the discipline so passionate an interpreter requires. Her full expressive voice stood the trial of the open air, and seemed even to gain in beauty from what intimidates most actors. Her acting gave me unalloyed pleasure. To say Mr. Lennox Robinson's Orestes was impressive is not to say all one might of it. He is a remarkable actor, and rose to his powers both in the lovely inset scene with Pylades and in that of the re-

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united brother and sister. Mr. Shields as Pylades gave a good presentation. Smaller parts were finely played, and the chorus, weak at first, grew assured as the play progressed.

✻

DANIEL ZULOAGA

IGNACIO ZULOAGA, who recently exhibited his paintings in America, belongs to a family of very pure Iberian stock and, what counts more, of abundant artistic gifts. His father, the aged and white-bearded Daniel Zuloaga, now exhibits his ceramics in Paris. 'It has been his ambition,' says Ramon Perez de Ayala in an extensive article in *La Prensa*, 'to let people outside his fatherland know what he has done for his art . . . the oldest and most venerable of humanity's arts, which, ages ago, marked man's definite separation from beast, when he modeled the containers in which to keep his water, his wine, his oil.'

The Zuloagas were not wealthy; but when Daniel Zuloaga, as a young man, finished his studies in the porcelain works of Sèvres, his father, to express his gratitude, donated to the Sèvres museum a choice collection of antique Spanish porcelains. 'Ceramics usually produce objects that are, if not bagatelles, at least very nearly so — works without life in them,' continues the writer. 'The genius of Don Daniel became apparent precisely in this — that he created a living art, imbued with the Iberic spirit, and unmistakably original. His ceramics look like those of old Spain and of the Orient, yet they are entirely unlike them, betraying a vigorous personality in their creator.'

✻

MARLOWE ON THE LONDON STAGE

SYDNEY LEE sent to the London *Times* a notice of readings from plays by Christopher Marlowe by well-known actors and actresses on July 24 at the Haymarket Theatre. The readings were undertaken as a tribute to Marlowe and his influence on the drama and poetry of England, and it seems that this has been the first prominent presentation of Marlowe on the London stage for more than a century. Mr. Lee says: —

> Not since 1818 would Marlowe's words seem to have been recited in one of London's great playhouses, although several pieces by Marlowe have been of later years rendered privately by Mr. William Poel's Elizabethan Stage Society and by amateur students of English and American colleges or universities. In 1818 Edmund Kean performed for a long run at Drury Lane Theatre an unhappily garbled version of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Near the same date the critical eulogies of Marlowe's genius by Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt led to a revived and sustained admiration of his work. Swinburne sang of Marlowe as —
>
> The father of the sons of song,
> Whose praise is England's crowning praise.

✻

WITTICISMS OF ANATOLE FRANCE

La Petite Illustration reviews a book called *Pensées d'Anatole France*, collected and published by Mme. Maud Laussel and M. René Ledoux-Lebard. The manuscript of this book was read and approved by Anatole France himself, and therefore the epigrams quoted by the *Petite Illustration* have the merit of some authenticity as well as pleasantry. Some of these observations are as follows: —

'As soon as one touches a principle, he finds something else underneath it and sees that it was not a principle after all.'

'Absurdities are the only agreeable and beautiful things, the only things which give grace to life and keep us from being bored to death.'

'Most men need some ornament to appear important.'

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'One only loves truly when one loves without reason.'

'I have always preferred the folly of the passions to the wisdom of indifference.'

'It is better to be stupid with all the world than to be clever alone.'

'The human animal is made in such a fashion that he cannot be virtuous without being deformed.'

The longest snatch from the *Pensées* that is quoted by the *Petite Illustration* concerns the foibles of election to the French Academy: —

'It is no paradox to maintain that bad choices are necessary to the existence of the French Academy. If it did not take the part of weakness and error in its elections, if it did not have sometimes the air of choosing at hazard, it would make itself so hateful that it could not endure. It would be in French letters like a judge among the condemned. If it were infallible, it would certainly be odious. What an affront to those who failed of election, if the choice were always the best!'

✤

'MARIA CHAPDELAINE'

La Revue Mondiale welcomes, in a brief paragraph, a delegation from Canada which came to France to place a memorial tablet on the house at Brest where Louis Hémon, the author of *Maria Chapdelaine*, was born. This pilgrimage is not surprising, thinks the *Revue*, considering the very large cult that has grown up about the memory of a writer who died too young, the editions of whose novel in North America have passed all imagination.

✤

A BYRON MEMORIAL

ENGLAND is again engaged in the apparently futile effort to provide a fitting memorial to Lord Byron. In this, the hundred-and-first year since Byron's death in the Greek cause, an appeal has been made by the International Memorial Fund to gather money for a permanent memorial in Hucknall Torkard Church. Not only is a monument of some sort contemplated by those interested in Byron's honor, but traveling scholarships in the name of the poet will also be established from the money subscribed over and above the moderate sum reserved for the memorial. The scholarships are intended for young men of any nationality who wish to travel in pursuit of the humanities. The claims of the candidates will be considered by a committee of foreign correspondents. Thus it is promised that in memory of Childe Harold students of the future, who need not accept the Byronic onus of exile, will go forth on the grand tour of the human race.

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BOOKS ABROAD

From President to Prison, by Ferdinand Ossendowski; in collaboration with Lewis Stanton Palen. London: Allen and Unwin; New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. $3.00.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE period of which Dr. Ossendowski writes in his latest book is that dominated, for Russians, by the Russo-Japanese War. He is a man of wide knowledge, with an eye for structure in bird, beast, product organic, inorganic, and artificial, political institution, and human character. Apart from that, he has the vitalizing touch to make any dry bones live. For such a man that period is almost too rich in stimulating material, and the book that he has written on it will hold the attention as a story of personal adventure with beginning, middle, and end. He rises through great perils, dramatically described, to be 'President of the Committee of Government of the Russian Far East,' and he claims that in that capacity he saved the army from anarchy and from starvation during the Revolution. For his services the Government put him in prison and sent him a decoration while he was there. On his release it persecuted him; he was driven from one employment after another, and that he escaped starvation was due to an accident, so narrated as to bring out the mystical element in the character of a most practical man.

Nevertheless, to have read the books in which Dr. Ossendowski has described more recent events is to regard this not as self-contained, but as a part of a whole — a whole in which the protagonist is not the adventurous Dr. Ossendowski, not the Tsarist Government, not the Bolshevist Government, but the Russian temperament. Apply logic to the irresponsible fatalism of the old régime and you get the new. In essence the two are not distinguishable. Bolshevism is the Tsarism of men too narrow in education, too bitterly strained in their early upbringing, ever to hold their destructive hands. Dr. Ossendowski possesses the constructive mind and the constructive hands. With him, to be aware of a problem, spiritual, moral, or material, is to be spurred to solve it. Apart from that he has proved himself too often to be master of his fate to be a fatalist; he has survived the worst too often to be a pessimist. He is Russian enough to understand the Russian temperament, and in judging those subject to it to recognize that the actions in which it issues are often beyond their control. But the temperament is not his own. He writes as the Pole who has suffered from it racially in such sentences as: 'A Russian distinguishes only the weak, whom he despises and persecutes, and the strong, whom he fears.' For him, the Bolshevist is the Tsarist in more vulgar clothes.

'A real Russian, when asked how life goes with him, will never answer "Good" or "Bad," but only "*Nichevo*." . . . It signifies that his life is neither good nor bad, and conveys the idea that all goes well with him. If he acknowledged that it was well his overpowering superstition would make him fear some form of retributory punishment on the morrow; whereas if he stated that it was bad he would be acknowledging his suffering and thus be fastening this state upon himself. . . . Taken under the fostering care of wisdom and honesty, the Russian soul could certainly produce treasures of sacrifice and idealism; but left to itself it tends to turn criminal, its crimes resulting from its despair and the indescribable longing after something which it does not know itself and cannot visualize.'

This book is the first act of a Russian drama yet unfinished — a first act, on which follow logically the second, the Great War, and the third, Bolshevism. It begins with a less Holy Russia sleeping a more feverish sleep than in '1812.' The first act divides itself into three scenes. The subject of the first scene is the unscrupulous ambition that brought about the Russo-Japanese War, and the ignorance and inefficiency that were exhibited in the miscarriage of the Russian plans. The second scene deals with the forces of discontent and disorder thus let loose and the attempts of Dr. Ossendowski and his associates to control them in what they conceived to be the interests of the Russian nation. In the third those forces are shown to be compressed in prison. The container is obviously ill-designed, obsolete, and inadequate; the explosion is but a matter of time.

During the Russo-Japanese War it was the duty of Dr. Ossendowski to provide the Russian Army with fuel. It took him far and wide over a country ravaged by the Chinese bandits known as the Hunghutzes and brought him into perils vividly described. The outcome is foreshadowed on an early page, on which we learn, first, that General Kuropatkin returned from Japan bent on war after the Japanese authorities had proudly shown him their army and fleet, and,

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secondly, that the War Minister 'was blissfully ignorant of the fact that a gigantic scene from an opéra bouffe had been staged for him when the Japanese marched past him an army clad in the earlier feudal Japanese uniforms and displayed to him a navy of old ships that looked as though they could not leave the docks.'

After the war Dr. Ossendowski protested against the manner in which it had been conducted by Russian officers and officials, and found himself at the head of a small committee that took upon itself to establish order. This seems to have been the offense for which he was condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment by the Tsarist Government. The Committee had 'taught the revolutionaries how to act outside the authority of the Central Government.'

Men, Books, and Birds: Letters to a Friend, by W. H. Hudson. With preface and notes by Morley Roberts. London: Nash and Grayson, 16*s*.

[*Spectator*]

A GREAT deal has been said lately about W. H. Hudson. Statesmen have turned aside for a moment from the insoluble problems of politics to offer a few words of tribute to the memory of this most unpolitical and unpublic of men. What was there about his character that it should command the attention of people who might have been living on another planet, so different were their paths from those which he trod?

He possessed simplicity, obstinacy, and spiritual enthusiasm. These are qualities rarer than we are ready to believe them to be. They are qualities much talked about; but in our world of crowded hours and constant bread-winning we find ourselves more in contact with the spirit of uncertainty, of self-interested ingenuity, of discreet compromise. Hudson, therefore, was unique. He refused to put himself into a position that would entail any surrender of his freedom of mind or body. What could he be, then, but a social misfit, a sort of primeval figure, a symbol of elemental things, thrown into our tearing, jangling machine of civilization? Our readers will think of such another character, the rare poet, W. H. Davies, also a swift-eyed companion of birds, born for freedom, never for compromise, yet possessing a woodland shrewdness that is more than sufficient weapon in his solitary fight against the everlasting bewilderment that we call human society.

Such was the fundamental character upon which Hudson built up his knowledge of nature and of man. What he knew, he knew as a discovery. The established sciences meant little to him; for they demanded a fettering of oneself to the complications of textbook and lecture-room. He preferred to come to a book as he came to a flower — quite self-sufficient, not too much concerned in its anatomy, but interested more in its conduct, its actual immediate and concrete existence.

If this habit gave him an aloofness, it also gave him dignity. This dignity reflected on the life he saw, and everywhere he found his world sustained in a pride and independence that very few of us more involved mortals can ever perceive. It hurt him, as though he shared in the insulting act, to see even a stuffed bird. It hurt him, too, with a most rare intensity, to see men humiliated by the ignoble tasks which this callous society of mankind imposes on so many of its members. No English writer, not even Wordsworth, has more sense of the dignity of man.

There is a scene in *A Shepherd's Life* where an old shepherd, after working for sixty years for seven shillings a week, comes home one night and tells his wife that he has done work. She looks at him in astonishment, and says that she will make him a pot of tea. He sits on a stool at her feet and drinks it; then puts his head in her lap, and dies. Hudson's telling of the story makes it rank with the tragedy of Lear.

Such is the man, then, whom we see in these letters written to his friend, Mr. Morley Roberts. But here is often the reverse side too of the quiet, dignified, simple character. We find a certain querulousness, a perversity, almost a spiritual hypochondria, which so often are ingredients of those souls whose elemental simplicity and austerity amount to genius.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

LAUSSEL, MAUD, AND LEDOUX-LEBARD, RENÉ, collectors and editors. *Pensées d'Anatole France.* Paris: Calmann-Levy, 1925, 10 francs.

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INDIANS OF THE ENCHANTED DESERT

By LEO CRANE

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* * *

It's likewise an excellent title for the article by Lee Russell in the September Scribner's Magazine.

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Scribner's Magazine itself is a living magazine for people who make the most out of their lives.

* * *

Its field of interest is, therefore, unrestricted. The wide-awake man and woman have uncounted interests.

* * *

Watch Scribner's Magazine for a year and see how many of these interests it touches upon.

* * *

Read Scribner's Magazine for September and see what a live, versatile, interesting publication it is.

* * *

"Marines at Blanc Mont" by John W. Thomason, Jr., tops the table of contents.

Thomason is a Marine Captain who has the extraordinary ability to translate stirring deeds of action into living speech and vivid pictures.

* * *

Three unusually interesting pieces of fiction — "Mrs. Riddle: A Fragment of Biography" by Gerald Chittenden; "Wentworth's Masterpiece" by Louis Dodge; and "Second Marriage" by Walter Gilkyson.

* * *

William T. Hornaday — the man who told the cross-word puzzle fans what the gnu, emu, and others of the three-letter species really are — writes on men who are preserving American birds.

* * *

Ellsworth Huntington looks at China in the light of the work of an ex-coolie and calls his article "The Chinese Renaissance."

* * *

John Malcolm Mitchell, British authority, praises and questions "The Public Libraries of America."

* * *

Monroe Douglas Robinson contributes a charming sketch "From a Little French Window."

* * *

Three keen writers lampoon three American cults: "President Vergilius Alden Cook of Harmonia College" by Carol Park;

"What Price Organization?" by Jesse Rainsford Sprague;

"The Antique Shop Lament" by Caroline Camp.

* * *

Three lively critics talk of men, books, pictures, and business — William Lyon Phelps, Royal Cortissoz, Alexander Dana Noyes.

* * *

The September Scribner's Magazine is just published —

* * *

And — It's Illustrated.

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